

S^r. Walter Ralegh K^t

Ob: 1618 Ætat: 66.



S^r. Walter Ralegh K^t

Ob: 1618 Ætat: 66.

1488. b. 30

THE TRAGEDY OF SIR *Walter Raleigh.*

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

By Mr. SEWELL.

——— Heu nefas!
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus Invidi. Hor.

The SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS: And sold by W. REEVE at *Rowe's Head, Serjeants-Inn-Gate* in *Fleetstreet.*

MDCCXLV.


BRITISH MUSEUM
15
58
OCT

To the Right Honourable

JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq;*

His MAJESTY's *Principal Secretary of State.*

SIR,

THE moſt conſiderable Advantage a Man derives from Poetry, is, That he has an Opportunity of pleaſing Great and Noble Spirits, who are always the beſt Judges of *Tragedy*, as their own Sentiments are remov'd from the common way of thinking, and agreeable to the Perſonages *here* repreſented. Happy ſhould I be, to prove an Inſtance of the Truth of this Obſervation, if in drawing the Character of Sir *Walter Raleigh* I have any where hit the Taſte of a *Stateſman*, who reſembles him in many of his great Qualities. The World knows how jealous he was of the Greatneſs of *Spain*, what frequent Advices he gave to two *Great Princes* to humble her, and with

what Spirit he reſented any Indignity offered *theſe Kingdoms* from her Inſolence. Every body who reads this, will be before-hand with me in the Application, and ſay, the ſame Zeal, the ſame Love of Honour and *Great-Britain*, breathes in your late LETTER *to the* Spaniſh *Ambaſſador*. We have ſeen *Plots*, *Rebellions*, and GUNDAMORS too, in our Days; but thank Heaven we have a *Monarch* too Wiſe, and a *Miniſtry* too Vigilant, to ſuffer them to ſucceed! No Man *bleeds* in *England now* for aſſerting the Liberties of his *Country*; the Fate of the great *Raleigh* is only turn'd on a few *Parricides*, and *Traitors*. If to ſay, that your *Councils* have a conſiderable Share in promoting the Intereſt of your Country, in encouraging Loyalty, and diſcountenancing both *Homebred* and *Foreign Factions*, be to flatter, This I will ſay in the Teeth of *Envy*, and ſpeak it loudly to the *deaf Ear* of *Party*.

Forgive me, Sir, for thus far offering to deſcribe Your Character. Publick Virtues cannot eſcape Publick Notice; and we muſt talk of You, as we do of common Bleſſings, whether You will or no. Give me then leave to bring Sir *Walter Raleigh* to his moſt proper

Patron;

Patron; Protect the virtuous Memory of the Dead, as You do the brave Acts of the Living, and the World will be afraid or asham'd to censure what You approve. I am,

SIR,

with the greatest Respect,

Your most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

George Sewell.

PREFACE.

THIS Play had been thrown into the World without a Preface, were it not to do Juſtice to the *Gentleman* who honoured me with a *Prologue*, in which many excellent Lines were omitted in the Speaking. I know not who aſſumed that Liberty; but the Reader has now the Pleaſure to ſee them reſtored as they were originally written, and I the Satisfaction of repairing the Injury he would have ſuffered by the Loſs of them. Sure I am, that I have reaſon to thank the Author on a double Account, both for Preparing the Favour of the Audience before the Play, and Supporting the Intereſt of the Writer with an Uncommon Vigour, and Friend-like Application.

This is all I thought to have ſaid: But ſince the Publication of this Play, I have met with Abundance of Objections, a few of which I take Leave to remark upon, being ever ready to ſubmit to a juſt Cenſure, or retract an Error. It has been ſaid that there is nothing of the *Life of Sir* WALTER RALEIGH in the Action, and that the Audience know no more of him when the Play ends, than they did before it began. Let the Reader take his Life as it ſtands in our beſt *Hiſtories*, I am very much miſtaken if he will not find that all the great and material Circumſtances of it are, in ſome Parts or other, inſerted into the Tragedy. To have done more would but have made it too narrative, and left no Room for Poetry and Invention. If the Objectors mean that it is not like the *Hiſtorical Plays of* our excellent SHAKESPEAR, I own the Charge, being of Opinion that no Audience could endure ſuch Details from any Pen, but His.

Another ſays, there is no Reaſon for the Paſſion of *Lady* RALEIGH in the firſt Act: But there is a very natural Ground for it, it being the moſt common Obſervation on Human Paſſions, that *Sorrow* when check'd and

nd reſtrain'd by Advice flies into *Rage* and *Violence*. I m afraid that Critics of this Kind don't deal much in *Ariſtotle*'s *Ethics* or *Rhetoric*; and it were eaſy, if neeſſary, to give many beautiful Inſtances of this Tranſiion from Grief to Anger in our beſt Tragedies.

A Third falls much more heavy than the former; hat all the beſt Incidents and Thoughts are not my own, ut borrow'd from other Plays. The *Gentleman* muſt ave very piercing Eyes who found out this; but I really elieve he may place his Diſcovery more to his Inven-ion, than his Memory. For my own Part I remember ut two Lines which I had marked as a Beauty in Mr. *Daniel*'s Works, and quoted them in the Preface as uch, and therefore This was a Theft he may be aſſur'd did not deſire to be concealed. The Truth is, I had efore read ſo very few Plays, and while I was writing voided the reading any, that if I have ſtole, I have one it like a Man in a Dream, in Imagination only. Were there any Truth in this Cavil, I know the Good-ature of the World ſo well, that I am ſure I ſhould ave heard of it in Print before this Time.

There is a real Defect in the Play, which a Critical ye will eaſily ſee, which is the Want of a *Continuity* of cenes. This is a Fault, and as I have been told of it a friendly Manner by one of the beſt Judges of the ge, ſo I publickly own and thank him for the Correc-on. I cannot deſcend to anſwer every little Objection, ut muſt ſay truly, as my late Friend Sir *Samuel Garth* id before me, *where they will find One Fault, I will ngage to ſhow them Ten.*

To make amends for this Exceſs of Criticiſm, ſome Gentlemen have been too kind on the other hand, and iven this Performance as extravagant Praiſes. I have othing more to ſay, than, that if any Body is offended t their Appearance in the Manner they do, it is the *Bookſeller*'s *Vanity, not Mine.*

To the Author on his TRAGEDY of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

WHILE POLITICKS diſtract the madding Age,
And Senſe and Wit are judg'd by Zeal and Rage;
Wiſely You chuſe a backward View, and ſhow,
By What has been——What Moderns ought to know:
That Virtue, Freedom, and our Country's Cauſe,
Is the true Point of Heav'n's, and BRITAIN's *Laws.*

ELIZA's Days, and RALEIGH's *Actions riſe*
So great, ſo juſt, ſo glorious to our Eyes,
We view the Mighty Dead by Thee reviv'd,
Own the fair Piece——And wiſh We then had liv'd.

There is, my Friend, (I ſee it by thy Muſe)
A Time for Fame, which free-born Souls would chuſe,
A Period fix'd, and ſtated from above,
Which all the Sons of Liberty would love;
And would Hiſtorians *their dull Part reſign,*
Great GEORGE's *and* ELIZA's *Reign ſhould join——*

Blotted, for ever blotted from our Eyes,
Be thoſe dark Days, and thoſe forbidding Skies,
When this fair Iſle grew wanton of her Reſt,
And KINGS, and SUBJECTS in their Turns oppreſt!

Forgive me, if with Thoughts of Freedom fir'd,
From RALEIGH's *Fate the willing Muſe retir'd;*
Tho' true, too true as painted in thy Scenes,
I would not own——what the ſad Story means——
But as a BRITON *wou'd be proud to ſay*
That RALEIGH *only periſh'd in a Play.*

B. G. formerly of *King*'s College.

Jan. 20.

To

To the Author upon his TRAGEDY of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

'TIS juſt, we compliment the giddy Town,
And wiſh it Joy, that Senſe for once goes down;
Long has it languiſh'd of a faint Diſeaſe,
And then no wholſom Nouriſhment cou'd pleaſe;
Obſcenity was then its only Food,
And every Thing ſeem'd nauſeous that was good.
But now thy skilful Hand has cur'd this Pain,
Reſtor'd us to our Health, and Taſte again.
Some odd unnat'ral Things we cheriſh'd moſt,
May now *be acted at the* Houſes Coſt:
Senſe is reviv'd by You——our Fit is o'er,
We hate our ſelves for what we lik'd before.
As when ſome Heav'nly Nymph, Divinely fair,
Does firſt at Court, or in the Ring appear;
A Harmony of Features ſtrikes our Sight,
We gaze upon her with a fond Delight:
Strong in her native Charms ſhe wins all Hearts,
Neglecting borrow'd Airs, or borrow'd Arts:
At once her matchleſs Form our Boſoms warms,
We give up all our Senſes to her Charms.
Thus has thy Muſe, adorn'd with every Grace,
(The Bloom of Youth ſtill ſmiling in her Face)
Finiſh'd her Conqueſt, ſoon as 'twas begun,
At once the Prize, the Laurel Branch, has won.
She ſtole upon us by a ſweet Surprize,
And open'd all her Beauties to our Eyes:
So uniform appear'd in every Part,
We gaz'd, were charm'd, and gave her up our Heart.
Now GARTH *has viſited the Shades of Night,*
His Laurel, and his Art are Yours by Right.
Yet if a rude Diſeaſe thy Friend inflame,
And threaten Ruin to his little Frame;
If Frenzy, Love, or Grief my Health invade,
And to thy healing Art I fly for Aid;
No more with myſtick Drugs my Life inſure,
Thy Verſe will charm my Pain, and work the Cure.

Gray's Inn, Feb. 2. Charles Molloy.

To the AUTHOR.

WHilſt Two *great Bards our grateful Country mourn,*
And ſheds the Debt of Sorrow o'er their Urns;
Tranſfus'd in Thee revive their gen'rous Fires,
And Liberty again Her Sons inſpires.
Thrice Happy Poet! in thy Numbers glow,
The Elegance of GARTH, *and Force of* ROWE;
From yon' bright Arch thy ſpreading Fame They ſee,
And triumph in a Succeſſor like Thee.
Behold! to cure the Frenzy of the Age,
A Second CATO *riſes on the Stage;*
The Same their Suff'rings, for a Cauſe the Same,
Nor yields the ENGLISH *to the* ROMAN *Name.*
Oppreſs'd with Noiſe, and drunken Party-ſtrife,
Where ISIS *flows, I waſte a painful Life,*
Stunn'd with the Terrors of impending Woes,
And Prelates, to the Church *inſatiate Foes;*
Of uncouth Logick Terms condemn'd to hear,
The ſame pedantick Crambè *all the Year;*
Pro Formâ *to diſpute the Queſtions round,*
And trace the Windings of Scholaſtick Ground;
To College-*Walls reluctantly confin'd,*
Check'd in the native Freedom of my Mind:
Or, on the Stage, with correſponding Eyes,
I would have ſeen thy BRITISH *Hero riſe,*
For Virtue and Religion hear Him plead,
And boldly for a thankleſs Nation bleed;
But rigid Laws that Happineſs deny'd,
Againſt my Will I laid the Wiſh aſide,
Content to read *Thee, in thy genuine Light,*
Where no proud Scenes attract the dazled Sight;
Stript of the Pomp and Trappings of the Stage,
Strong is thy Diction, and Sublime thy Rage;
Great in your Self, You want no foreign Art
To raiſe Compaſſion, and awake the Heart;
The ſecret Springs of Nature to controul,
And touch the diff'rent Paſſions of the Soul.

Accept,

Accept, my Friend, *theſe tributary Lays,*
(If by that Name *I may preſume to praiſe)*
Permit me laſt thy full Applauſe to crown,
And join the publick Chorus *of the Town.*

St. John's *College*, Oxon. N. Amhurſt.
Feb. 3.

To the Author of the TRAGEDY of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

NO more the Fall of Virtue's Light we moan,
BRITANNIA *views again her fav'rite Son;*
From the deep Gloom he breaks to ſecond Day,
With ſtronger Luſtre, and a fuller Ray:
Drawn by a faithful but a Maſter Pen,
The much-lamented RALEIGH *lives again;*
He lives, once more Ambition to controul,
And ſhow the Greatneſs of an ENGLISH *Soul;*
The good Man's Bliſs, the guilty Stateſman's Doom,
And leave due Precepts for a Race to come:
To warn the Great, who mark with erring Eyes,
The Charm that in the dazling Summit lies;
Thoſe love-ſick Fools who toil in Glory's Race,
And ſtrongly languiſh for the wiſh'd Embrace;
How unſubſtantial its deceitful Gain,
How hard to be poſſeſs'd, and when poſſeſs'd how Vain.
Who is not mov'd, when the experienc'd Sage,
So greatly anxious for a future Age,
Surveys with ſo content, ſo brave a Mind,
The living Records that he leaves behind,
Full of his Country to the Laſt appears,
And ſmiles on the vaſt Work of Twenty Years?——
Who, tho' in Empire's brighteſt Eye they ſtand,
Embracing Honours with a loaded Hand,
So vilely ſordid, but would wiſh to be
As Stripp'd, as Naked, and as Wiſe as HE?
Who once poſſeſſing All, can All diſdain,
And now reflect on nothing but the Pain;
So innocently brave, reſign to Fate,
And lay with Pleaſure down the gaudy Weight.

Thus

Thus, SIR, whilſt all their due Applauſes join,
Tho' Meaneſt, yet Sincere, accept of Mine;
Charm'd with the Spirit of thy Manly Lays,
I read with Rapture, and am proud to praiſe;
So rich is ev'ry Scene, ſo vaſt thy Store,
I view but This, and hurry on to more:
Go on, GREAT POET, as in this Succeed,
And Reſcue Other RALEIGHS *from the Dead;*
Thus ſhall Renown ſurvive, the dying Chief
Hope from thy pow'rful Strains a Second Life,
Reſign his Laurels unconcern'd, whilſt You
Shall ſtill preſerve the Same, *or give him* New:
The Orphan'd Age ſhall then no more complain
Of Envy's Triumphs, or her Champions ſlain;
Convinc'd, Your Muſe will ſtill record the Brave,
And raiſe their great Examples from the Grave.

London, Feb. 10. C. Beckingham.

To the AUTHOR.

WHEN private Perſons render publick Praiſe,
Fondly They injure whom They mean to raiſe:
Vain is all Fame, but that which Merit gives,
And in the Virtues of its Author lives.
Conſcious of this, and ſtudious of thy Fame,
I durſt not to the World expoſe my Name;
But, ſtrongly mov'd my Gratitude to own,
Send You my Thanks thus Nameleſs, and Unknown.

Oxon. Feb. 13.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Written by MAJOR *PACK.*

Spoken by Mr. *RYAN.*

STruck with each Ancient GREEK *or* ROMAN *Name,*
Blindly We Pay Devotion *to Their* Fame.
Their Boaſted CHIEFS *in* Partial Lights *are ſhown:*
Neglect, *or* Envy, *ſtill Attends* Our Own.
POETS *and* PRIESTS, *the People to Deceive,*
Form GODS *and* HEROES Neither *do* Believe.
Our AUTHOR *ſcorns All* Worſhip *but the* True:
He brings Unqueſtion'd Wonders *to Your View.*
An ENGLISH MARTYR *ſhall Aſcend the Stage,*
To Shame *the* Laſt, *and* Warn *the* Preſent Age.
The TRAGIC Scene *with moving Art will tell*
How Brave *He* Fought—*how* Wrong'd *the* SOLDIER *Fell.*
' AMBITION *is a Miſtreſs Few enjoy!*
' Falſe *to Our Hopes, and to Our Wiſhes* Coy;
' *The* Bold *She* Baffles, *and* Defeats *the* Strong;
' *And* All *are* Ruin'd *who* Purſue *Her long.*
' *Yet ſo* Bewitching *are Her* Fatal Charms,
' *We think it* Heav'n *to* Dye within Her Arms.
' *Thus* RALEIGH *thought*——*and in the* Glorious Strife
' *Immortal* Honour *gain'd*——*but loſt His* Life.
Jealous of Virtue *That was ſo* Sublime,
His COUNTRY *Damn'd His* Merit *as a* Crime.
The TRAYTOR's *Doom did on the* PATRIOT *Wait:*
He Saw'd—*and then He* Periſh'd *by the* STATE.
A Patient MONARCH, *too* ſecurely *Wiſe,*
(Unhappy KINGS! *They See with Others Eyes*)
Weakly Conſented to the Guilty Deed,
And made Three KINGDOMS *in their* CHAMPION Bleed.
BRITONS, *by* This Example *Taught*, Unite!
Wound *not the* PUBLICK *out of* Private Spite.

To

PROLOGUE.

To Great Atchievements *Juſt* Rewards *allow*;
Nor tear the Laurel *from the* VICTOR's Brow.
Exert Your Vigour *in the* NATION's *Cauſe*;
But Grudge *no* RIVAL *His* Deſerv'd Applauſe.
Safely We may Defy MADRID *or* ROME,
If no Sly GUNDAMOR Prevails *at* HOME.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir *Walter Raleigh*,	Mr. *Quin.*
Howard,	Mr. *Ryan.*
Young *Raleigh*,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Salisbury,	Mr. *Cory.*
Gundamor,	Mr. *C. Bullock.*
Lord *Cobham*,	Mr. *Bohemia.*
Sir *Julius Cæſar*,	Mr. *Smith.*
Carew,	Mr. *Egleton.*
Wade, Lieutenant of the *Tower*,	Mr. *Ogden.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Raleigh*,	Mrs. *Seymour.*
Olympia, *Salisbury*'s Daughter,	Mrs. *Bullock.*
Florella,	Mrs. *Robertſon.*

SCENE, *LONDON:*
The Court at Whitehall.

Sir

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *at Court, near the Council-Chamber.*

Enter Sir Julius Cæſar *and* Carew.

Sir JULIUS CÆSAR.

SURE as e'en now we paſs'd the Council Door,
I ſaw Lord *Gundamor*; and if theſe Eyes
Diſcern'd aright, his Viſage ſeem'd to bear
A Mixture of uncertain Cheerfulneſs,
Like Hope corrected by ſome cautious [Fear.
I like it not —— For tho' we cannot read
The Wiles of Stateſmen in their publick Looks:
Yet, when alone, the Soul works undiſguis'd,
And prints its Meaning on the outward Form.

Car. That Face ne'er boded Good to *Britiſh* Hearts:
For truſt me, as I hold my Country dear,
As I revere her Monarch's ſacred Head;
Yea, as I wiſh Proſperity may crown
That Faith our Fathers witneſs'd in the Flames:
So much I fear that buſie Stateſman's Art
Is working up ſome curſed Scene of Woe,
To ſtain thoſe deareſt Names with foul Diſgrace,
And fix a Mark of Hatred on their Friends.

J. Cæſ. Curſe on the Droll, and his intriguing Mirth,
His ſtudy'd Jokes, and Inſolence of Wit;

By

By this he winds the Women in his Toils,
Faſhions the flatter'd Sex to all his Views,
Rouſes the curious Devil in their Souls,
That knows no Reſt, but Tortures without End,
Till it has wrung each Purpoſe of the State
From the fond Husband Fool, who muſt betray
His King, his God ——— to ſet his Wife at Eaſe.
I tell thee, Friend, Diſſimulation dwells,
As at her Home, in every Smile he wears:
That Face has laugh'd us into deeper Shame,
Than we can ſuffer from his Monarch's Frowns,
Tho' heighten'd with the Pride of new *Armadas*,
All *Europe*'s Princes, and his *Indian* Gold.

Car. That Gold, believe me, Sir, is well employ'd;
It works like Poiſon thro' our weaken'd State;
Infects our generous pure Forefathers Blood,
And fits our Free-born Souls for Foreign Yokes.
How many noble Structures could I name,
What ſumptuous *Villas*, labour'd up to Heav'n,
Enrich'd with figur'd Silks, and ſtiff with Gold?
But not one Tale in all the Pile to ſay,
'These are the Monuments of perjur'd Faith,
'The high-rais'd Spoils of mercenary Greatneſs.

J. Cæſ. 'Tis a ſad Truth, and we muſt mourn it long,
Unleſs this cunning Miniſter of Hell,
This *Gundamor*, be ſoon remov'd from Court.
He, He betrays our Councils to our Foes,
And cheats us with the ſpecious Name of Friendſhip.
Can we forget the valiant *Raleigh*'s Fate,
Whoſe Spirit quicken'd our adventrous Youth,
To chaſe Ambition to her laſt-flown length,
And hunt her in a new untravell'd World?

Car. He ſcorn'd the Wages of diſloyal Crimes,
To ruſt in Peace, and ſtretch a lazy Hand
For ſordid Bribes, but ſought the Monarch's Gold,
In that remoteſt Climate where it grew.

J. Cæſ. Yet when the ripen'd Project grew to bear,
That crooked Politician's fatal Skill
Found a Betrayer, and deſtroy'd his Hopes.

Car. And ſtill his cunning Arts detain him cloſe,
Confin'd in loathſome, and inglorious Bondage,

he bitter'ſt Anguiſh to a Soul like his.
ill is he branded with a Traitor's Name,
or ſome myſterious Maxim of the State.
his Day a flying Rumour reach'd my Ear,
hat he muſt fall ——— But ſee, his ſurly Mate,
ld *Howard*, comes; ſad Diſcontent
owrs on his Brow, and threatens in his Eye.
J. Cæſ. That Man is brave, his Miſtreſs is the Sea,
nd on my Soul I think he likes her more,
ecauſe her Qualities reſemble his;
Whoſe Depth is fraught with rich and hidden Treaſure,
While Storms and Tempeſts on the Surface blow.
et is he ſecretly inquiſitive,
nd while he hates it, much frequents the Court.
et us obſerve him ———

Enter HOWARD.

How. Thus far I am come
On Satan's Ground, and yet no Fiend appears
To tempt me; ſure all Hell's aſleep to-night:
And yet I come at *Gundamor*'s Requeſt.
What can the ſubtle *Spaniard* want with me?
I am no Courtier, no fawning Dog of State,
To lick and kiſs the Hand that buffets me:
Nor can I ſmile upon my Gueſt, and praiſe
His Stomach, when I know he feeds on Poiſon,
And Death diſguis'd ſits grinning at my Table.
Nay, what is worſe, I cannot pimp nor lye;
Why then at Court? or, why with *Gundamor?*
Hold — let me think —— Ay, — in that tender Point:
On the dear Cement of united Hearts,
He ſtrikes—He would—the Villain would—O *Raleigh!*
Car. Obſerv'd you how the lab'ring Secret work'd,
How ſtrong Suſpicion fir'd the Train of Honour
To a new Brightneſs, and diſplay'd his Soul
Godlike and Great, and worthy of his Friend! [Spies,
How. [*Turning*] By Hell, diſcover'd! O! theſe rotten
That have a Hole for ev'ry private Word,
And Poſtern multiplying Vents for Miſchief.
Henceforth may Dumbneſs ſeize upon my Tongue,
If I but whiſper to a Wall at Court!

J. Cæſ.

J. Cæſ. We can forgive your Zeal, who know the Cauſe,
The Blindneſs of your Paſſion pleads Excuſe
To Friends; and We, you know, are *Raleigh*'s Friends,
We honour, love him, watch, and fear as much
For that dear, great, unhappy Man,
As generous *Howard* does. ———

How. ——— Ha! ſaid you Fear ———
Preach Fear to Earth-begotten Citizens,
When civil Uproar threatens a Reprizal
On the curs'd greedy Gatherings of Extortion:
Bid the projecting Politician fear,
When all his Springs are wound up to the Height,
And if one Motion fails, the whole Machine
Sinks, and deſtroys the Builder in its Ruins.
Talk Fear to Hypocrites, to Midnight Murderers,
To the rude Spoiler of defenceleſs Honour,
To Prieſts and Cowards —— But name it not with Virtue.
Fear is the Tax that Conſcience pays to Guilt.

Car. And yet unſpotted Innocence may fall
The Sacrifice of Cunning and Revenge:
Witneſs the fatal Trial of our Friend.

J. Cæſ. A Trial founded on a Myſtery,
A Plot begotten by the Sire of Lies,
And nurs'd to full-grown Treaſon by the Care
Of foſtring Lawyers, Rogues, that can extract
Fines out of Looks, and Death from double Meanings.

How. I heard the deep-mouth'd Pack, they ſcented Blood
From the firſt ſtarting, and purſu'd their View
With the Law Muſic of long-winded Calumny.
Well I remember, one among the Tribe,
A reading Cut-throat, skill'd in Parallels
And dark Compariſons of wondrous likeneſs,
Who in a Speech of unchew'd Eloquence
Muſter'd up all the Crimes ſince *Noah*'s Days;
To put in balance with this fancied Plot,
And made e'en *Catiline* a Saint to *Raleigh*.
The Sycophant ſo much o'er-play'd his Part,
I could have hugg'd him, kiſs'd th' unskilful Lies
Hot from his Venal Tongue.

Car. He was the ſame,
Who ſtarted from the Queſtion in Debate,

And,

nd, when corrected by a calm Rebuke,
tch'd all the Scandal Malice could ſuggeſt,
arch'd to the Heart, and cramm'd plain *Atheiſt* down
is brave Opponent's Throat.
J. Cæſ. Vain Inſolence!
t 'tis the Curſe, and Faſhion of the Times:
hen Prejudice and ſtrong Averſions work,
ll whoſe Opinions we diſlike are *Atheiſts*;
ow 'tis a Term of Art, a Bug-bear Word,
he Villain's Engine, and the Vulgar's Terror.
he Man who thinks and judges for himſelf,
nſway'd by aged Follies, rev'rend Errors,
rown Holy by Traditionary Dulneſs
f School Authority, He is an *Atheiſt*.
he Man who, hating idle Noiſe, preſerves
pure Religion ſeated in his Soul,
e is a ſilent, dumb, diſſembling *Atheiſt*.
How. I had forgot it—yes, the baſe-tongu'd Gown-man
id call him Atheiſt———So Men judge at home,
ho never trac'd a Providence at Sea;
nd ſaw his Wonders in the mighty Deep.
n Atheiſt-Sailor were a monſtrous thing,
ore wonderful than all old Ocean breeds.
t I will witneſs for my *Raleigh*'s Faith;
es, I have ſeen him when the Tempeſt rag'd,
hen from the Precipice of Mountain Waves
ll Hearts have trembled at the Gulph below,
e, with a ſteddy, ſupplicating Look,
iſplay'd his Truſt in that tremendous Pow'r,
ho curbs the Billows, and cuts ſhort the Wings
f the rude Whirlwind in its midway Courſe,
nd bids the Madneſs of the Waves to ceaſe.
O! Fellow-Soldier, were that Folly thine,
ho' thou art dearer than the Love of Honour
o this old Boſom, I would pluck thee hence,
ho' my Heart crack'd ———
nd plot with *Gundamor* to work thy Fall.
Car. 'Tis brave and open, Sir; but Friendſhip now
xacts a nobler Part, and bids us ſtand
he Safeguard of his injur'd Innocence.
or know, this Moment *Britain*'s Council ſit

The

The Judges of his Fate, and much I fear,
He bleeds a private Sacrifice of State.
How. Rather may half the Tribe of Favourite Slaves,
Thoſe New-born Inſects of perverted Pow'r,
Periſh and rot, like an untimely Birth;
They, and their Houſes! —— No, it ſhall not be.
J. Cæſ. Thou talk'ſt as if thy Hand could ſtop the Courſe
Of headlong Ruin; but yet calmly think,
What mighty Foes withſtand thy gen'rous Views.
See *Worſter*, *Suffolk*, ſubtle *Salisbury*,
Sworn and Confederate all to ſeal his Fate.
Weigh theſe, and *Gundamor*.
How. For *Salisbury*,
Whoſe Pow'r and Malice run the longeſt length,
I'll raiſe a Boſom-Traitor in his Houſe,
To check the Pride of that intriguing Stateſman.
Next let the cunning *Spaniard* well beware;
Whate'er he dreams, his Projects fail on me:
Yet I muſt hear him for my *Raleigh*'s ſake.
Car. Sure there he ſtands—as parting from the Lords
Bowing with humble Salutation low ——
He whiſpers *Salisbury*; ſee, they ſqueeze,
And ſign ſome bloody Bargain with that Kiſs.
How. Blue Peſtilence and Poiſon blaſt their Lips!
O! how I hate this Tribe of kiſſing Courtiers.
There is ſome Flavour in a Woman's Breath;
And Nature bids us meet it with a Guſt.
But theſe new Kiſſers, with their *Spaniſh* Air,
Make Perjury conclude, where Luſt begins.
But Friends, retire, for he advances now;
Think of our Honeſty, and hope Succeſs.
Car. Heav'n, who inſpires it, proſper thy Intent.
We bend another way, reſolv'd to ſearch
Myſterious *Cobham*'s Mind, and prove if yet
He mints new Treaſons in his fertile Brain.
How. Farewel; remember that the Brave Man's Friend
Acts in the Room of Providence it ſelf,
And makes up all unequal Lots of Heav'n.
[*Ex.* J. Cæſ. *and* Car.

SCENE

SCENE II.

GUNDAMOR, HOWARD.

Gund. I fear, good Captain, that my long Delay
as made the Time wear tedious on your hands:
t you muſt charge it on this Midnight Council.
ou *Engliſh* have a ſtrange debating Vein,
nd preface ev'ry Trifle with a Speech;
in out the Time with Reaſons and Replies,
nd yet are ſtubborn to your firſt Reſolves.
How. There are, I own, my Lord, peculiar Faults
o ev'ry Nation; that, perhaps, is ours.
wiſh we had no more——my Country's Failings
hate and pity, yet I love my Country.
Gund. I know thou doſt, and that ſways much with me.
ruſt me, I hold no Conference or League
t with the Virtuous Men who love their Country.
t Fits of undeſigning Mirth break forth
ith jovial Tempers, which their Friends forgive.
How. I hope the wiſe Ambaſſador of *Spain*
akes not at this late Seaſon of the Night,
r ſportive Mirth, or ſtarch'd Civilities.
Gund. No, *Howard*—I have long obſerv'd thy Worth,
here's ſomething pleaſing in thy rugged Virtue,
hich makes me wiſh to call its Owner Friend:
now then, to give an Earneſt of my Heart,
ready I have mov'd the Gracious King ——
How. For what, my Lord? ——
Gund. To raiſe thee to Command,
ot ſerve, and drudge beneath Inferior Merit.
How. I thank my Lord; but 'tis of Fortune's Hand
hat Rank I hold; my Service is my own,
nd that, next Heav'n, my Sovereign ſhall command.
Gund. O! that my Maſter, in his Empire's Bound,
ide as it lies from *Eaſt* to *Weſtern* Sun,
ould boaſt a hundred Subjects like to thee! [Shipwreck,
How. [*Aſide.*] I'd rather hear a Storm that threatens
han bear a ſingle Breath of ſuch vile Flattery! ——

But

But how, my Lord, muſt I deſerve the Grace
Your Favour promiſes? ———
Gund. With wond'rous Eaſe:
You well remember when your Naval Pow'r
(*Raleigh* was then your Admiral) ſet forth
To ſeek Adventures in the New-found World.
You know your cunning Captain fool'd you on
With Golden Hopes, and ſold your Blood and Lives,
To dreſs his Naked Vanity anew,
With falſe Diſcoveries, and pretended Conqueſts.
How. Hold my Reſentment for a Moment now. [*Aſide.*
Gund. This Voyage I would have thee mark with care,
Minute down each Exploit from Coaſt to Coaſt,
Schemes, Councils, Actions, and Events.
Give me this Paper ——— Thou art Admiral.
How. Does *Spain* beſtow the Dignities of *England*?
Gund. Fear not, but truſt thy Hopes to *Gundamor*.
How. It cannot be; the Fortune of my Friends,
My Fame, a Soldier's Fame forbids me.
Gund. For *Raleigh*, hold his Life at nothing,
His Death is ſign'd, and only now deferr'd
Becauſe the *Queen* is ill; the Pious Council
(Curſe on their ſqueamiſh *Engliſh* Appetites!)
At this ſad Seaſon can digeſt no Blood.
How. This Secret may be uſeful to my Friend. [*Aſide.*
Gund. Thy Friendſhip thus is cancell'd by the Grave:
Be wiſe, and bury thy falſe Honour there;
Then mount upon the Tomb, and reach the Prize
That bends to tempt thee ———
How. Curs'd Temptation!
Thus I reject thee with a Soldier's Scorn.
Now witneſs Heav'n! the Friendſhip that I bear
Depends not on the ſcanty line of Life,
But twiſts around all Relatives of *Raleigh*.
And I muſt tell thee, mighty as thou art,
Lord *Gundamor*, that I had rather kill
Ten Thouſand *Spaniards* for a Soldier's Pay,
Than ſell one Grain of Honour for an Empire. [*Exit.*

GUNDAMOR *ſolus.*

Proud Virtuous Fool! the firſt whom I have known

Of

all his Countrymen refuſe a Bribe.
ese are the Fruits of *Raleigh*'s Diſcipline;
fills them with the Pride of *Roman* Greatneſs,
e Love of Virtue, and Contempt of Danger,
d nurſes future Terrors for our *Spain*.
t I have ſtill more Engines at Command;
hile *Salisbury* cries Juſtice to his Maſter,
ade, under Colour of Officious Service,
ll draw new Treaſons from his Priſoner's Mouth:
loves to talk ——— and that ſhall be his Snare.
s, ſpite of him, and all his Factious Brood,
e Kingdom's Honour and the Publick Good,
Spaniſh Plots and Treaſure ſhall ſucceed,
d make the Valiant Grey-hair'd Traitor bleed. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Lady* Raleigh's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady RALEIGH.

Thrice have I try'd to fold my ſelf in Sleep,
Heav'n has ſet a Watch upon my Eyes,
d bars the courted Gueſt from entring there.
nuſt import ——— for I have long obſerv'd,
en Death or Danger, with a haſty Wing,
d to this wretched Houſe ——— it ſtill was ſo.
my foreboding Heart! my Lord! my *Raleigh!*
haps e'en now ſome cold unwholſom Damp
e deadly Inmate of a Priſon's Walls,)
eſts the vital Current in its Courſe.
He, now conquer'd by protracted Wrongs ———
generous Thought! Forgive me, O my *Raleigh!*
well I know thy Heart and Fear are Strangers;
wouldſt thou for the World contract the Shame
that baſe Cowardice, to die unſummon'd.

Enter Young RALEIGH.

Son, give Comfort to thy Mother's Heart,
ſure it wants it much.
Ra. What Cauſe of Grief
rack my Mother's Heart when I am nigh?

Or has her Son, unconſcious of his Guilt,
Rais'd up this Storm of Sorrow? then direct,
Direct it all upon this hated Head.

L. Ra. Thou art the Light of theſe declining Eyes,
My Age's Comfort, and thy Houſe's Guardian.
But Oh! thou know'ſt, ſince firſt this plighted Hand
Was to thy Father's given, what Trains of Woe,
Scene after Scene, ſucceſſively diſaſtrous,
Have been the Objects of thy Mother's Eyes.
I will not ſay, when abſent from my Bed,
How this fond aking Heart has bled for him;
How watch'd the thund'ring Mine at Midnight Sieges,
Throbb'd in the War, and ſicken'd in the Storm.
But oh! the laſt, the laſt deciſive Stroke,
When, warm with Joy of Liberty regain'd,
He fled the dear Embraces of a Wife,
For fancied Conqueſts on the *Indian* Shore.

Y. Ra. Thus to recall the Thoughts of paſt Diſtreſs,
Is adding double Weight to all your Woes.
Who wou'd wake *ſleeping Grief*, or with new Stings
Arm the dead *Scorpion, Care?*

L. Ra. I tell thee, Son,
Green are thoſe Sorrows, and ſtill flouriſh here.
Can I forget, that on that luckleſs Day,
All that was left of us, the ſad Remains
Of ruin'd Fortune, gather'd on a Heap,
Were ſent a Venture to the Winds, and Seas?
Nay, did not Fate encompaſs all his Friends
Within the Line of *Raleigh*'s Miſeries?

Y. Ra. Madam, 'tis too unkind to wound me ſo,
And this Remembrance may be call'd Reproach;
By all the Ties of Filial Love, no more———

L. Ra. Talk'ſt thou of Filial Love, in ſuch a Strain
As ſpeaks Command?—Heav'ns! I had once a Son—
Yes, I will picture him, 'till thy glowing Cheeks
Redden with Shame——Theſe Eyes ſhall ne'er behold
A Form ſo delicate, all other Youths
Seem'd cold and lifeleſs Images to him.
A Soul ſo rich in Virtue, it chaſtis'd
Vice without Speech, and utter'd thro' his Eyes
Silent Perſuaſion; in the Field of War

Cautious

utious as Age, and daring as Deſpair,
t humble as the Conquer'd when Victorious.
Y. Ra. I own my Brother's Praiſe, and would have try'd
o copy the fair Pattern of his Virtues.
t you———
L. Ra. 'Tis true; my Heart conceives thy Meaning;
would not let thee try the Chance of War,
r truſt ill Fortune, like a Prodigal,
ith all my Store at once. I gave too much,
hen I conſented to thy Brother's Death.
Y. Ra. You only gave his active Spirit room
range at large, and emulate my Sire.
hat tho' he fell? fell in his youthful Bloom?
ho meaſures Glory by the Length of Days? [Words,
L. Ra. 'Twas thus thy Father talk'd; vain empty
Honour, Glory, and immortal Fame.
n theſe recall the Spirit from it's Place,
re-inſpire the breathleſs Clay with Life?
hat, tho' your *Fame*, with all it's thouſand Trumpets,
nd o'er the Sepulchre, will That awake
e ſleeping Dead, and give me back my Son?
o——no———

Enter Meſſenger *with a Letter to Young* Raleigh.

Y. Ra. O for a Word of Comfort now!
L. Ra. Who talks of Comfort to a Wretch like me?
is is the Houſe of Sorrow, here it dwells,
d multiplies a Race of unbleſt Children.
Meſ. I know not what this Letter may contain,
Maſter gave it with an earneſt Look,
d ſaid——the Buſineſs ſpoke its own Excuſe. [*Exit.*
[Y. Ra. *reading the Letter.*
L. Ra. I read Diſorder in thy Face: O ſpeak,
ak, my Son: Silence now is Cruelty,
d muſters in my Thoughts a thouſand Ills,
killing as the worſt can be, when known.
Y. Ra. My Father———
L. Ra. Is dead, you ſay———
Y. Ra. No.
L. Ra. Bleſt be the Tongue that ſpoke ſo ſweet a Truth!
Y. Ra. He lives, but holds his Life in ſuch ſuſpence,

He has no Surety for to-morrow's Sun.
Read there———

[L. Ra. *reads.*]

Your Father's Death, by the Management of Gundamor *and* Salisbury, *is this Night determin'd. The Execution is delay'd, for a Reaſon I hope will prevent any* ——*The only Expedient I can adviſe is, to renew your Addreſſes to* Salisbury's *Daughter.*

Your Friend *Howard.*

L. Ra. O crooked Politician *Salisbury!*
Theſe are the Triumphs of thy plotted Spleen:
Deep-thinking Traytor! how does thy falſe Heart,
Studious of Miſchief, hunting baſe Revenge,
Enjoy the Widow's Woes, and Orphan's Tears!

Y. Ra. And muſt I mix with his infectious Race,
And take the Daughter from the bloody Hand
Freſh with the Slaughter of a murder'd Father?
Are theſe the Cordials gen'rous *Howard* gives?

L. Ra. Loſt in the haſty Foreſight of our Woes,
The ſad Alternative eſcap'd my Thought.
Howard adviſes well; be thou, my Son,
A Fence betwixt our falling Houſe, and Fate.
Repent the guilty Raſhneſs of Neglect,
And court the ſlighted Maid with humble Vows.
Aſſiſt, contrive, invent, implore,———
Do any thing to ſave thy Father's Life.

Y. Ra. All Things that will not miſ-become his Son,
And bring Diſhonour on our Houſe and Name.
No, ſince the Spring has run untainted yet,
From its firſt Flowing to its fulleſt Stream,
Let not Pollution ſtain it in the End.

L. Ra. Go: It is no Diſgrace to uſe the Means
That Providence points out for our Deliv'rance;
But to reject them, is to tempt the Blow
To fall with double Weight——Tho' *Salisbury*
Breathes Wrath, Revenge and Cruelty;
Yet is the fair *Olympia* good, and kind,
Kind as the Charities of dying Saints,
And tender as the Vows of parting Friends.
Haſte, and forget that *Salisbury*'s her Father.

Y. Ra. Oh! that I could———

L. Ra.

L. Ra. Still, ſtill inflexible:
Hard-hearted Boy——Thou art not ſure the Son
Of *Raleigh*'s Blood; this Boſom never bore
Thy helpleſs Infancy, nor preſs'd thy Cheeks
To theſe fond Lips, then look'd, and bleſs'd our Loves,
And propheſy'd a thouſand Joys to come.
O! I can bear no more——riſe up, my Soul,
In Bitterneſs of Sorrow——yet I cannot now,
While I behold that dear Reſemblance there!
How his lov'd Father flatters in his Face!
Then I muſt try alone——Reſolve, my Son,
Prevent the Vengeance of a Father's Blood,
And fear the Curſes of a Mother's Wrath,
A Widow'd Mother—— [*Exit.*

Y. Ra. Which way ſhall I turn?
If to *Olympia*, I muſt wrong my Fame,
And injure her; for tho' ſhe could believe,
I cannot love——to counterfeit is baſe,
And cruel too; diſſembled Love is like
The Poiſon of Perfumes, a killing Sweetneſs:
But then, my Father——O! thoſe cutting Words.
A Widow'd Mother, Widow'd by my Crime!
That, that will ring for ever in my Ears,
Riſe up in Bluſhes on my guilty Cheeks,
Knock at my Breaſt, and ask if I'm a Son.
Forgive me then, ye faithful Nymphs and Swains,
Teach me to look like you, to ſteal your Pains,
To make diſſembled Tears ſucceſsful ſtart,
And dropping ſeem to cool the Love-ſick Heart:
Then when you view me ſtruggling in the Snare
Of lying Fears, ſick Hopes, and falſe Deſpair,
For the ſad Trial let your Pity plead;
And Heav'n who made the Cauſe, excuſe the Deed!
[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *An Apartment in the Tower.*

Sir WALTER RALEIGH *ſolus.*

NOT yet the Shadows of retreating Night
Diſperſe, nor dawns the Day-ſpring from on high
And yet I thank thee, Heav'n, I bleſs thy Pow'r,
That has unſeal'd my Eyes, and wak'd my Soul
To Life, to Action, and to think on thee.
There is no Inſtant in the Tide of Time,
But Man may ſeize, and fill the vacant Space
With uſeful Searches of improving Thought.
The *Light* attracts him with ten thouſand Views,
Offering her Objects to the Senſe unſought,
That ask, and court, and preſs him to be known.
Then ſoon as *Night* ſucceeds, the darken'd Air
Warns him to ſweet Retreat, and ſilent Muſings,
That trace the paſt Ideas thro' the Brain,
Now mix, and now divide the various Heap,
Then form anew the ſeparated Kinds,
Trying all-ways to feed the greedy Soul.
Thus even here I'm happy, thus disjoin'd
From Pomps and Thrones, from Camps and noiſy War
The boaſted Scenes and Glory of my Youth.
Well——— they are paſt; this Priſon now is all,
And this I will enjoy——— there's ſomething here,
I never taſted in the Courts of Kings.

Enter WADE.

Wade. Health to my noble Gueſt, for ſuch a Name
Alone becomes the valiant *Raleigh*'s Worth:
The plainer Name of Priſoner ſhould be chang'd,
When he who wears it merits not the Shame.

Sir W. Ra. How ſay'ſt thou? *Flattery* in a Priſon too
Why then I may be *Envy*'s Object ſtill:
But hear me, where has thy unlucky Tongue

Lear

Learnt this vile Leſſon, this unmanly Art?
Haſt been at Court, and ſeen a fawning Lord
Watching the Motion of a Favourite's Eye,
With ſuch an earneſt Care as holy Men
Expreſs in Picture to ſome darling Saint?
Wade. The beſt Denial is to flatter on. [*Aſide.*
Thou know'ſt me not; for my plain-ſpeaking Heart
Diſdains to give, as much as thine to take,
Such ſervile Incenſe as unjuſt Applauſe:
But when I ſee the Man, whoſe long-try'd Faith,
Whoſe Virtue, Courage, and ſuperior Merit,
Have rais'd his Country's Glory to the Sky;
This Man in ſpite of Fortune I will praiſe:
Yes, I will bleſs him, tho' a Monarch frown,
Adore him in the Minute of Diſgrace,
And think his Wrongs his Country's juſt Reproach.
Sir W. Ra. Take heed of this thy too officious Zeal,
Or thy Integrity may coſt thee dear.
I find that I miſtook, and now confeſs
Thou art indeed unread in Politics;
And much a Stranger to the Arts of Courts.
But know, that Virtue may be Criminal:
And he who dares to doubt ſo fair a Truth,
Sets himſelf up obnoxious to that Pow'r
Which makes it ſo. Again, I ſay, take heed.
Wade. Ill have I learnt the Leſſons of the Wiſe,
If this falſe Science muſt debauch my Mind;
If all the fair Impreſſions on my Soul,
By moral Sages taught, muſt be eras'd,
And damn'd Hypocriſy uſurp the Place.
Sir W. Ra. Thou muſt unlearn the Maxims of thy Youth,
They are no Guides in this corrupted Age.
Go, blot theſe idle Fancies from thy Brain,
If e'er thou hop'ſt to merit a Reward,
Or riſe above the Level of the Crowd.
But if thou canſt poſſeſs thy Soul in Peace,
And, bearing Wrongs, complain to Heav'n alone,
A Cloyſter may become thee,——not the World.
Wade. 'Tis true, the Court, the City, and the Camp
Smell rank of Vice; Buffoons and Paraſites
Make Virtue ſick, ſhaming the modeſt Ear

To Deafneſs: Ev'ry good Man's Fame
Is wounded, while deſtroying Calumny
Feeds, and looks fair, upon the Prey of Honour.
How often have I heard their ſaucy Tongues
Arraign thee in their Mirth, and call thee Traitor?
Sir W. Ra. O Reputation! dearer far than Life,
Thou precious Balſam, lovely, ſweet of Smell,
Whoſe Cordial Drops once ſpilt by ſome raſh Hand,
Not all thy Owner's Care, nor the repenting Toil
Of the rude Spiller, ever can collect
To its firſt Purity, and native Sweetneſs.
Wade. Oh, the Corruption reaches higher ſtill!
For now the very Pulpits learn to flatter;
The grave Divines but look aſquint to Heav'n,
Then level all their Rhetorick at the King:
While he———
Sir W. Ra. Reſtrain thy mad licentious Tongue.
Wouldſt thou traduce thy Sov'reign in thy Folly;
And think my Ears can ſuffer the Reproach?
Raſh Man———I ſee the Purpoſe of thy Heart,
And read *Betrayer* thro' the thin Diſguiſe.
Thus *Gundamor* and *Cecil* fight their Foes.
Heav'ns! that the trifling Life of one poor Man
Should be the Cauſe of ſo much Guilt in others!
Let them plot on———I have a Part within,
Their Malice cannot reach———Yes, yes, my Soul,
Thou ſhalt be feaſted with a rich Repaſt.
The grave Hiſtorian, and the moral Sage,
The ſearching Minds that ſcorn to be confin'd
On this dim Spot, but travel to the Seats
Of nobler Beings, and more finiſh'd Worlds,
All call, and wait on thee. The Muſes Song
Breathes near, to temper the Fatigue of Thought.
Hail bleſt Companions of my lonely Hours!
Better converſe whole Ages with the Dead,
Pore on a broken Marble, to retrieve
A ſingle Letter of a brave Man's Name,
Who dy'd at *Marathon*, or *Agincourt*;
Than ſpend one Moment with Deceit and Vice. [*Exit.*
Wade. Curſe on his Artifice! when I had rais'd
His heavy Phlegm, and warm'd it into Motion,

When

hen Treaſon trembled on my longing Lips,
nd my Soul liſten'd for an eager Anſwer,
hen to ſtart back, and leave me in the Maze
f my own Folly———Hell!———but I will try
ew Stratagems. Before it was Reward,
ow'tis Revenge, that puſhes me to Guilt. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another Apartment in the Tower.*

nter COBHAM, CAREW, *and Sir* JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cob. Nay, good Sir *Julius Cæſar*, urge me not,
ſpoke of no Conſpiracies, or Plots;
e only ſaid the State was dangerous ill,
ck of a wanton Fever in her Blood,
hat wanted cooling———This was all we ſaid.
J. Cæſ. You ſpeak of many, *Cobham*. Who ſaid ſo?
Cob. A Lord, a mighty Lord; but he is dead.
Car. And was that all the Purport of your Meeting?
ch diſtant Talk is ev'ry Subject's Theme:
hen his ill Humour works, and wants a Vent,
is Tongue runs riot, and arraigns his Maſters.
J. Cæſ. Plain Words are beſt. Conſider, Sir, again,
hat you have ſign'd a Paper with your Name,
cuſing *Raleigh* of a horrid Plot.
Cob. Heav'n! have I? when? where? to whom? Ha!
Death!
eath is an ugly Monſter, full of Terror.
h! how I ſhrink and ſhudder at the Sight.
e! it comes arm'd along; Sin walks before,
d in a hideous Robe of various Dyes,
d Furies follow with ten thouſand Whips.
de me, good *Cæſar*———
Car. Theſe are Stings of Guilt———
ar not, your Pardon has been long obtain'd.
Cob. Am I then pardon'd? Yes, the Fiend retires;
its Companion go, that ſtays behind,
d in a Mirror ſhews a hundred Shapes,

All Spectacles of Woe. But why to me,
Thou angry Dæmon? Hence, from these cold Walls,
Visit the Golden Gates, and fretted Roofs,
Sit heavy on the wicked Statesman's Down,
Dislodge the God of Slumber from his Eyes,
And tear the rotten Heart of *Salisbury*.

Car. Still, still more Symptoms of a giddy Brain.
But *Salisbury*'s your Friend, he gave you Life.

Cob. He did, you say? then welcome Life again.
Could he but season it with proper Joys,
With Health, with Innocence, and Peace of Soul;
Then *Salisbury* were a mighty God indeed,
And *Cobham* would fall down, and worship him.

Enter WADE.

Wade. These Visits, Sirs, may be of dangerous Weight,
It is the King's Command that you retire,
And leave my Pris'ner to my Charge——

Both. We obey. [*Exeunt.*

Cob. Why should you keep me thus in Solitude?
Discourse, and sweet Converse with Friends,
Is all the Balm my sickly Heart desires.
Beside, I mention'd nothing of the Plot,
Nothing of *Brook*, or *Raleigh*: How should I?
Were I a subtle Sprite that sucks the Air,
And lives on Dew-drops of the misty Morn,
That whispers Love to Maidens in their Dreams,
That stands at Statesmens Elbows in their Closet,
And dictates Blood and Treason to their Hearts,
Then I might tell of Plots, Intrigues, and Death,
Of falling Kingdoms, and of Worlds on Fire.

Wade. Peace, idle Mad-man——know, a strict Command,
This Day is giv'n, that you restrain your Tongue.
On this Condition, you may still enjoy
Whate'er the Limits of these Walls afford.
When Fool's like *Cobham*, Traitors will commence,
They should turn Mad-men in their own Defence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. Salisbury's *Houſe.*

Enter SALISBURY, OLYMPIA, *and* FLORELLA.

Sal. So, my *Olympia*, thou art now reſolv'd
To tear this idle Paſſion from thy Boſom,
Nor ſhock thy Father's Fondneſs by thy Folly.
Believe me, Child, were not my Heart and Life
Wrapp'd up in thine, and ev'ry Thought of thee
Breath'd an uncommon Tenderneſs of Love;
Thy firſt Offence had cancell'd Nature's Ties,
Drove thee an Outcaſt from my Race and Blood,
And left thee to the Curſe of Want and Shame.

Olym. Why was I made that wretched Thing I am?
[*Aſide.*

Sal. What means that Sigh that trembl'd on thy Lips?
If e'er thou think'ſt of *Raleigh*'s curſed Race,
Let Indignation ſwell thy Cheek to Rage,
Scorn arm thy Brow, and lighten in thy Eyes.
Reflect on him, as thy great Father does,
As of a Worm of Yeſterday, the Child
Of angry Fortune, whom ſhe choſe in Sport,
Toſs'd round the World, to make him more her Scorn,
And ſpread his Infamy in ev'ry Clime.

Olym. Forgive me, Sir, if I have heard from Fame
That once a Friendſhip, ſtronger than the Love
Of Woman, faſten'd your united Hearts.
Can Hatred flouriſh from ſo ſweet a Root?

Sal. 'Tis true, I nurs'd his Infancy of Greatneſs,
'Till he grew warm in Confidence of Pow'r,
And dar'd to climb alone; then I ſtood forth,
And cruſh'd the Folly of my own Formation.

Olym. I know not how, but ſure methinks I took
The firſt Impreſſions of a kind Regard
To this unhappy Houſe, from *Cecil*'s Blood.
Allow me Time to wear away the Taint,
Which, as my Birth-right, I receiv'd from you.

Think

Think but what Intervals muſt lie between
Extremes of Hatred, and Extremes of Love,
Nor fancy that the ſweet and ſalted Wave
Are ever parted by a ſingle Line.

Sal. Thou haſt prevail'd; this Day ſhall be thy own;
But I do grant it with a Miſer's Heart,
And in the Act of giving wiſh it back. [*Exit.*

Olym. A Day! a ſingle Day! O poor *Olympia!*
Can a Sun's Journey meaſure thy Account
Of endleſs Love! O Niggard, cruel Father!
All other Things have ſtated Space of Time,
To work their Periods, and attain their Ends:
Buſineſs is loſt, or finiſh'd in a Day;
Wealth, Honour, Wiſdom are the Growth of Time,
But Love is only at one Inſtant born,
And knows no Limit to confine its Life:
Ev'n at the Gate of Death, the ſeeming Date
Of our Duration, Love looks forward ſtill,
And promiſes ten thouſand Years to come.

Flor. Complain not, Madam; for Almighty Love
Works Miracles; at once begins, and ends.
Rather improve the Minutes which are left,
And, while your Father's Abſence gives you leave,
Prepare to meet the long-expected Youth.

Olym. Alas, *Florella*, tell me ſo no more.
Four Moons already have I ſigh'd alone,
And with repeated Prayers invok'd his Name;
But he, or deaf, or fearful of our Fates,
Shuns the ſad Triumph of his conquering Eyes.

Flor. Suppoſe he came, ſuppoſe *Florella* knew
He haſtens to thee with a Lover's Pace.

Olym. Suppoſe! thou deareſt Child of flattering *Hope*,
Big with Delight, and prodigal of Bliſs;
Shall I embrace thee with a Mother's Fondneſs?
No, Thou art ſet at Diſtance from my Eyes,
And it were Madneſs but to wiſh thee near.

Flor. Forgive the Cruelty that check'd thy Joys;
And ſee, the promis'd Bleſſing is at hand.

Enter Young RALEIGH.

Olym. 'Tis he indeed——Support me, dear *Florella.*

Y. Ra. When Beauty languiſhes, the Taint becomes

A

A general Evil, and the ſinking Fair
Has Power to ſadden ev'ry Object nigh.
Olym. No, *Raleigh!* poor *Olympia* has no Charms;
What once there was (if any once there were)
Are loſt in pining Grief, and hapleſs Love. [*Sighs.*
Flor. I am too near a Witneſs of the Truth,
The ſad Accomptant of the joyleſs Days,
The wakeful Nights, the ſudden burſting Sighs,
The trembling Nerves, and endleſs Floods of Tears;
And thou the Cauſe of all, proud cruel *Raleigh.*
[*Unveils her.*
Behold the precious Spoils of thy Diſdain!
Y. Ra. What a rich Feaſt the canker Grief has made!
[*Looking at her.*
How has it ſuck'd the Roſes of thy Cheeks,
And drank the liquid Cryſtal of thy Eyes!
Love ſure will once a cruel Reck'ning make
With that raſh Heart, that ſcorn'd his nobleſt Prize.
Olym. The Debt is thine,—but much may he forgive,
On a relentleſs rigid Father's Score.
Y. Ra. Indeed we're both unhappy in our Fathers.
Olym. Thine is beyond the reach of Fortune's Pow'r,
And mine, I fear, abuſes it too much.
Y. Ra. If ſtill to perſecute the Sons of Woe,
And hunt lodg'd Sorrow from its laſt Retreat,
A poor baſe Priſon, to a bloody Death,
If this be lawleſs Pow'r——this *Cecil* does,
Does to his Blood his Daughter ſays ſhe loves.
Olym. 'Tis a hard Trial——but it muſt be made——
[*Aſide.*
Scatter the Shades that hang upon thy Brow,
Look kindly, Youth, and kindle up my Soul,
To prove that Love is ſtronger than Revenge. [Wrath,
Y. Ra. What canſt thou do againſt the Streams of
The Plots of *Gundamor*, and Wealth of *Spain?*
Olym. I know the Fondneſs of my Father's Heart,
And I will try and pierce it to the quick.
Yes, he ſhall feel the Force of Woman's Tears;
Theſe Hands ſhall hold him, on theſe wretched Knees,
Dragg'd, wounded, torn, I will purſue him ſtill;
No Sound ſhall reach him, but repeated Cries

Of

Of Mercy, Mercy, 'till his Soul relents,
In kind Compliance with his Daughter's Voice.
Y. Ra. The Breath of ſoft Perſuaſion warm thy Lips!
Olym. But wilt thou then be wondrous kind, and love?
Y. Ra. O my Soul longs and ſickens for the Hour,
Till Fate and Honour give it leave to love;
Till thy bleſt Tongue has charm'd thy Father's Wrath:
Then I would fly with Eagerneſs of Joy,
Kneel at thy Feet, and print the ſacred Truth
With untold Kiſſes on thy ſaving Hand.
Olym. Heav'n whiſpers me, the Minute comes apace.
Then, in remembrance of *Olympia*'s Vow,
Go, wipe away the dew of Grief that hangs
On ev'ry Branch of thy unhappy Race.
And now ye faithful Lovers Shades of old,
Whoſe Spirits once inform'd the Female Mould;
Who, for the Charms of ſome ſucceſsful Youth,
Have prov'd bleſt Miracles of Love and Truth;
Deſcend, and give, ye fair Celeſtial Throng,
Fire to my Heart, and Muſick to my Tongue:
So be it ſaid, ſince *Greece* and *Rome* decay'd,
Their Deeds are equall'd by an *Engliſh* Maid. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *in the Tower.*

Enter HOWARD *and* WADE.

How. NOT ſee him!——By the Ghoſts of all our Friends,
Who dy'd for Glory on *Guiana*'s Shore,
I muſt, I will embrace the Man I love.
Wade. Thy ſelf a Priſ'ner, and thy Friend a Slave,
Worſe than a ſhackel'd Slave, a Wretch condemn'd!
Are theſe Encouragements for migh'y Words,
Or windy Speeches of imperious Will?
How. But I will talk, thou idle Tool of State.

Have

Have we trac'd Nature to her utmoſt Line,
And join'd new Nations to the *Queen of Iſles*,
To be thus cag'd, and bark'd at by a Dog? [Spoils;
Wade. Yes, you have fill'd your Hands with foreign
And if you fought, you have your own Reward.
How. Ill-judging Inſtrument of lawful Pow'r!
Thou canſt command when Danger is not near,
And walk the tame and lazy Round of Peace.
But dar'ſt thou ſearch thy Foe, or free thy Friend,
Thro' Blood and Horror in the Sweat of War;
Would'ſt thou not wiſh for theſe protecting Gates,
Long for the loweſt Cell in all this Shop
Of Darkneſs, to conceal thy Coward Paleneſs?
Wade. Whate'er you think your ſelves, your mighty Deeds,
Proud Voyager! are not approv'd at home.
How. Thus it has ever been: when gen'rous Breaſts
Swell with an Enterprize of high Exploits,
Some home-bred Faction hinders the Succeſs.
Then *Envy* rouſes *Rumour* from her Cave,
Who, thro' the loud-tongu'd Pipe of falſe Report,
Spreads Damps and Weakneſs o'er the Minds of Men,
'Till publick good is loſt in private Fears:
Elſe, great *Eliza!* ſtrange remoter Lands,
Than that diſtinguiſh'd by thy Virgin Name,
Had wore the Title of the Maiden Queen.
Wade. A Seaman's Vanity, and Chymiſt's Hopes,
Are likely Means to make a Nation great!
How. A Sword! a Sword! ſome Inſtrument of Death
To curb his Tongue, and ſweeten juſt Revenge!
Deſert me, Heav'n! in ev'ry other Cauſe,
Unbrace my Sinews in the Field of Death,
Wither my Strength, and let my Faulchion fall
Guiltleſs of Blood upon my ſinking Foe!
But now ſupply me, when my Friend is wrong'd.
Wade. My quick Return ſhall anſwer your Requeſt. [*Ex.*
How. Will he!———and can a Villain be ſo brave?
He may:——For often Vice, provok'd to Shame,
Borrows the Colour of a virtuous Deed.
Thus Libertines are chaſte, and Miſers good,
A Coward valiant, and a Prieſt ſincere.

Now

Now if he come on any Terms like theſe,
I thank thee, *Gundamor*, for all my Wrongs.

Enter WADE *with Guards.*

Wade. There, ſeize the Priſ'ner; lead him to his Place,
Where he may vent his Spleen, and Rage alone,
'Till the loud Echo of his own raſh Tongue
Shame him to Madneſs.

How. Inſulting Coward!
Damn'd Hypocrite! is this the promis'd Sword?
Or haſt thou yet one low Evaſion left,
(For Fear and Baſeneſs never want ſuch Arms)
To ſalve thy Honour, and retract thy Words?
Do, dear Diſſembler, damn thy ſelf at once;
Deny thy Promiſe.———

Wade. I care not what I ſaid,
Nor can remember it.

How. 'Tis well for thee.
Thou haſt the ſafeſt Refuge for thy Guilt,
The ſtupid Calm of unrepenting Sin:
But Memory would awake the ſleepy Storm,
And loſe thee in a Hurricane of Thought.
But hear me, Keeper; if this Arm of mine
Be free to wield its well-accuſtom'd Sword,
And thou, or any of thy Race ſurvive
That Day of Freedom, they ſhall wiſh and pray
That *Howard* could forget, as well as thee.

Wade. Away, away; the preſent Hour is mine,
And I'll truſt Fortune with my future Fears. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter GUNDAMOR, *and* SALISBURY.

Gund. My Lord, my Lord, the Traitor *Raleigh* lives,
Lives after certain Promiſes of Death,
To ſhame my Maſter, and abuſe my Truſt.

Sal. My Lord Ambaſſador, your Wiſdom knows
That in the faireſt Line of Politics,
Some Incident may turn the flowing Points
Awhile, to deviate from the purpos'd End;

But

But that remov'd, the moſt diſcerning Eye
Scarce ſees the Stop, none judges of the Cauſe.
So is it now with us in our Deſign,
The Circumſtance of Things, not we, are chang'd.
Beſide, the Means are ever in our Hands,
And his Confinement bars all diſtant Fears, [Prey,
Gund. And yet th' impriſon'd Bird, once fleſh'd with
Changes not Nature by his cloſe Reſtraint,
His Plumage grows, and he may wing abroad,
As once before, at that fair Quarry, *Spain.*
Sal. Worn and conſum'd with ſtudious Sloth and Age,
What can he meditate, or what perform,
To touch the Pow'r of thy Imperial Lord?
Gund. And yet I'd give a Province for his Head.
Sal. I know not how he grows ſo terrible
To Foreign Lands, and ſo deſpis'd at home.
Gund. Becauſe they know him better, who have felt
The Terror of his Councils, and his Arms.
The Striker oft forgets the Blow he gave,
But the Wound rankles in the Suff'rer's Blood,
And quickens ev'ry Senſe to juſt Revenge.
The Wealth of Nations loſt, or taught to flow
In different Channels from its native Source,
Whole Countries plunder'd, and *Armadas* ſunk,
Leave deep Impreſſions on a *Spaniard*'s Mind.
Indeed it moves old *Gundamor*, to hear
My Friend, my good Friend *Cecil* plead for him.
Sal. May my Tongue loſe her Faculty of Speech,
Cleave to the Roof, and ſtiffen in my Throat,
Sooner than utter one unwary Sound
For that vile Traitor's Life! But, good my Lord,
There is a Time when Princes muſt be deaf
To ev'ry Call but one———
Gund. I find it ſo.
This Deafneſs now is grown a catching Sickneſs,
It reaches *Spain*; my Maſter too is deaf;
And though the loudeſt Miniſter at Court
Should cry an *Engliſh* Marriage in his Ear,
He cannot hear one Word.
Sal. Dear *Gundamor*,
I hope you ſpeak in Mirth.

Gund.

Gund. 'Tis ſacred Truth,
Howe'er unfaſhion'd in the Dreſs of Words;
The Treaty ends, if he but live one Day.
Sal. Then he muſt fall; and for that happy end,
Thus faſhion we the Subject of our Wiſhes.
The firſt Alarm be yours, in Terms as high,
As ſtrong, as poſitive as *Spain* can ſpeak.
Then I, with ſeeming Diſcontent of Mind,
Mix'd with the Praiſes of his Worth and Virtues,
Will at the laſt reluctantly ſubmit
A private Injury to the publick Good:
For that's the ſureſt Maſk for Stateſmen's Wrongs.
Gund. Now thou art honeſt *Salisbury* again:
And I could hug thee to this ancient Boſom,
'Till part of thy quick Spirit were transfus'd,
To warm and actuate the Soul of *Gundamor*.
But no Relenting, noble Lord, no Stay:
The Life and Soul of Buſineſs is Diſpatch.
Sal. It ſhall be finiſh'd——
Gund. Give me then your Hand,
[*Puts a Ring on his Finger.*
This be the Token of our plighted Loves,
The Seal of *Raleigh*'s Fate——You will remember.
I'll to your Maſter, and begin the Work.
Sal. You would no more?
Gund. Only remember me——[*Pointing to his Finger.*
[*Exit.*

Enter WADE, *haſtily.*

Sal. So, good Lieutenant; why this haſty Pace,
And look of Care?——
Wade. My Lord, the big-mouth'd Captain,
Whom you this Day committed to my Charge,
Wants to ſee *Raleigh*; hence he threatens, raves,
And curſes more than Sailors in a Storm.
I fear ſome bloody Buſineſs may enſue,
If we detain him longer from his Friend.
Sal. Why let him ſee him, ſtare away his Senſes,
If ſo he pleaſes, at his Brother-Savage.
But *Cecil* ſwears he viſits him no more.
Wade. Ha! no more!——
Sal. Nay, wonder not, Lieutenant.

The

The Warrant ſhall be ſign'd for Blood To-day.
Attend me; in the way we may diſcourſe
The circumſtance of Things, of Time and Place.
Wade. Never more gladly———O! might I ſurvey
Old *Howard* die too on this happy Day,
Then I wou'd bid my troubled Spirit reſt,
And in a double Death be doubly bleſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Lady* Raleigh's *Apartment.*

Enter Lady RALEIGH *and Young* RALEIGH.

L. Ra. With doubtful Fearfulneſs, and anxious Hope,
I fain would ask what yet I dread to know:
Like one condemn'd, whoſe Fate is caſt on Chance,
Blindfold he throws the Lot, and dares not look,
Tho' longing, on the turn of Life or Death.
Yet ſoftly, to our Woes———Is *Olympia* kind?
Y. Ra. That heav'nly Boſom is the Seat of Kindneſs,
There ſoft Indulgence and Forgiveneſs dwell,
And Bleſſings multiply with conſtant Growth. [give,
L. Ra. Such Thanks as Slaves redeem'd from Bondage
Such Vows as Love recover'd from Deſpair
Breathes forth in ecſtaſy of rapt'rous Joy,
Receive from theſe warm Lips, O Lovely Maid!
I am that Slave, from Chains by thee redeem'd;
That Love, by thee recover'd from Deſpair.
My Son, why dwells that Sadneſs on thy Brow?
Why joins not thy exulting Voice with mine,
In Bleſſings on the dear Deliverer's Head?
Y. Ra. O! I could bleſs her at the dawn of Light,
And with the Morning Fragrance mix her Name,
Invoke her in the thirſty Noon-Day Heat,
And cheer the ſober Evening with her Praiſe.
But I am ſick and loſt; cold chilling Damps,
And raging Flames, alternate Tyrants, ſway
This wretched Breaſt: I love, and fear to love.
L. Ra. O happy Change! I dar'd not hope ſo much.

Y. Ra.

Y. Ra. With all his Strength and Reſolution arm'd,
See what a weak defenceleſs Thing is Man,
When Love and Virtue, in a Woman's Form
United, bid the Boaſter to the Field.
One glance of Pity, one half-dropping Tear,
Diſarms his Anger, melts his ſtubborn Scorn,
And turns the Tyrant to a Coward Boy.
But if ſhe talks, and vows, and promiſes,
Hypocriſie it ſelf grows ſick of feigning,
Flings off the cumbrous Cloak of Form, and Shew,
And opens all the Heart for mighty Love.
Such is the Snare, in which, by your Requeſt,
Your Son is loſt.

L. Ra. Is not thy Father ſav'd?

Y. Ra. Yes, yes; I fear *Olympia* has prevail'd.

L. Ra. Is then the great Event but doubtful ſtill?
And wilt thou damp it with thy impious Wiſh?
Is the ſoft Advocate of Life and Peace
Pleading my *Raleigh*'s Cauſe for me, for thee,
Ungrateful Boy, and this the ſweet Return?
You Fear ſhe has prevail'd; and if you fear,
You wiſh it not; there is no middle Line,
To part thy impious Fear, and bloody Wiſh.

Y. Ra. Alas! you know not what I fear or wiſh:
May Heav'n correct me in its day of Wrath!
If that unhallow'd Thought has ſtain'd my Heart.
To wiſh it, were to ſhock creating Nature,
And bid her ſay———this Monſter is not mine. [hears

L. Ra. What fear'ſt thou then? Speak, for thy Mother
All thy Complainings through Compaſſion's Ear.

Y. Ra. Had you but ſeen the ſad *Olympia*'s Eyes,
Heard in what Accents ſhe bemoan'd our Woes,
And with what eagerneſs of daring Love
She vow'd Redreſs, you could not ſurely ask
The Reaſon of my Fears; ſince if by Her he lives,
My Father may grow cruel in his turn,
And ſhock the Quiet of my Soul for ever.

L. Ra. Vex not thy Boſom with ſo vain a Care.
Conſider, he who knows the rate of Life,
Knows how to value the beſtowing Hand.

Y. Ra. A Bounty undeſir'd contracts no Debt,

And

nd his great Soul may think it a Diſgrace.
L. Ra. Love ſtrong in Wiſh, is weak in Reaſon ſtill,
orming a thouſand Ills which ne'er ſhall be:
nd, like a Coward, kills it ſelf To-day,
Vith fancied Grief, for fear it die To-morrow.
eflect on me; am I ſo worthleſs grown,
r ſo divided from a Wife's Eſteem,
s to want Pow'r to reconcile his Heart?
Vill he look cold, or turn away his Ear,
Vhen I, whom his ſad Fortune ſunk in Sorrow,
ue for the Pledge of our unſpotted Loves?
r if my Voice is weak, let *Howard* try,
nd juſtify the Deed himſelf adviſ'd.
Y. Ra. The Storm is o'er, and all is calm again.
L. Ra. Then, while I thank the Gracious Pow'r on high,
urſue the Proſpect of thy growing Hopes,
epeat thy Looks, thy Wiſhes, and thy Vows:
or conſtant Kindneſs is the ſureſt Charm,
nd Danger dares not ſtir, when Love is warm. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *In the Tower.*

Enter Sir WALTER RALEIGH, *and* HOWARD.

Sir W. Ra. Welcome, my Friend, thou bravely honeſt Man,
n ev'ry turn of Fortune ſtill the ſame!
How. Indeed I have been ſo———
Sir W. Ra. Why! art thou chang'd?
How. No; but it grieves me to my inmoſt Soul,
o think there lives ſuch Baſeneſs unchaſtiz'd,
hat could conceive me———
Sir W. Ra. What?
How. A Villain!
Villain to my Friend; to thee, my *Raleigh!*
Sir W. Ra. Vice in a flatt'ring Mirrour views Mankind,
udging of others from its own Similitude.
he Good are few, and known to fewer ſtill:
nd Rogues believe us not Temptation-proof,
ill they have try'd us———
How. But canſt thou yet ſuppoſe

England's

England's Imperial Flag, the Naval Sign,
To which all Nations of the World pay Homage,
The proffer'd Price of Treach'ry to my Friend?
Proffer'd by that vile Stateſman *Gundamor*.
I need not tell thee how I ſcorn'd the Bribe,
For which this Priſon, and thy Preſence are,
I thank him, Favours, which he meant Affronts. [Woe
Sir W. Ra. Thank Heav'n! that in the Nakedneſs of
Has left me ſtill one gen'rous virtuous Friend,
A Comfort haughty *Cecil* cannot know.
Bluſh not, good *Howard*, if I ſwear I think
That thou and Honour were Twin-Brothers born,
And when thou dieſt, that muſt ſicken too——
How many, who prophane that ſacred Name
With outward Show, and Countenance of Worth,
Would ſell their Birth-right, ſacrifice their Faith,
Bring Wives and Daughters to Pollution's Bed,
For half the Price thy Honeſty deſpis'd!
How. What I have done, thy own Example taught.
You knew, the ſtrong Conſpiracy at home
Reſolv'd to pluck declining Fortune down.
Yet we, to keep your promis'd Faith, return'd
To meet Oppreſſion, and embrace ill Fate.
Sir W. Ra. The Gage of Honour was in *England* thrown,
And had we ſtretch'd beyond the *crooked Year*
And *Solar way*, yet at our Country's Call,
We muſt have plung'd thro' Darkneſs and Deſpair,
To vindicate the Pledge we left behind.
How. Why are we puniſh'd then, or why reproach'd?
Or whence does *Gundamor*'s preſaging Voice
Pronounce thy Doom, and mark the bloody Day,
Soon as the *Queen* recovers, or expires?
Sir W. Ra. Let it come when it will, I ſtand prepar'd.
The little Intervals of Time, and Form
May make it more expected, not more fear'd.
How. Yet Reaſon, Senſe, and Nature's eldeſt Law,
Join'd with the Charities of Social Love,
The tender Names of Daughter, Son, and Wife,
All warn us to decline approaching Death.
Sir W. Ra. Think not I hold that vain *Philoſophy*
Of proud *Indifference*, that pretends to look

On

n Pain and Pleaſure with an equal Eye.
o *Be*, is better far than *Not to Be*,
ſe Nature cheated us in our Formation.
ıd when we *are*, the ſweet Deluſion wears
ıch various Charms and Proſpects of Delight,
hat what we could not *Will*, we make our *Choice*,
eſirous to prolong the Life ſhe gave.
admen, and Fools may hurry o'er the Scene,
he wiſe Man walks an eaſy, ſober Pace:
nd tho' he ſees one Precipice for all,
eclines the fatal Brink, oft looking back
n what he leaves, and thinking where he falls.
How. From thy own Words convinc'd, look back again,
ne Bar already lies in *Cecil*'s way,
Vhich yet muſt be a Secret in my Breaſt
ill ripe enough for thee——You'll truſt it there?
Sir W. Ra. Truſt thee! Thou richeſt Mine of Faith and Truth,
ruſt thee with ev'ry Thought my Soul conceives:
ou ſaid that *Gundamor* had mark'd the *Time*.
know that cunning Politician well,
is dark Deſigns, and Subtilty of Thought;
et there the *Spaniard* has o'er-ſhot his Mark,
nd in his fond Extravagance of Wit,
erhaps undone the Knot he has been winding.
How. How! Speak, *Raleigh*.
Sir W. Ra. I wiſh thy Freedom now,
hen I ſhould hope my *Sovereign Queen* might know
he Midnight Toils, and Travels of this Brain,
hat oft has robb'd the flow'ry Plant of Life,
nd gave its Colour to the fading Cheek.
Health lurks in Mines, diſtils from ſpicy Trees,
lows in the Waves, and glitters on the Rock:
Vhy then, ſince Nature ſpreads her Stores to all,
lay we not make ſome ſecret Share our own?
How. This Minute Liberty is worth a Crime,
will be free——
Sir W. Ra. Forbear; the Keeper comes ——
How. Curſe on his now unſeaſonable Viſit.

Enter

Enter WADE,

Wade. Sir *Walter*, tho' your Heart ſuſpects my Love,
You know the Duty of my Charge and Truſt.
This brings me, an unwilling Meſſenger,
(Heav'n knows!) to tell you, you muſt die To-day.
Sir W. Ra. To day!——then I ſhall live more free
To-night.
How Confuſion! now I dare not tell the Snare
I laid for *Salisbury*, by his Gallant Son. [*Aſide.*
Ill-boding Raven, croaking Bird of Prey,
Are the Notes ſpent, are all the Dirges ſung?
Doſt not thou Scent my Blood and Carnage too?
Wade. I have no more to ſay——
Sir W. Ra. Howard, be calm,
Loſe not thy Virtue for his Maſter's Faults:
Muſt thou grow mad on ev'ry moody Day,
That *Gundamor* works *Cecil*'s Soul to Miſchief?
How. My Tongue is mute,——but O my Heart bleeds
inward!
Sir W. Ra. O! Death! I've ſought thee in the liſted Field,
'Midſt ſhouting Squadrons, and embattell'd Hoſts,
Purſu'd thee in the Noon-day Sweat of War,
And liſten'd for thee on the Midnight Watch.
In frozen Regions, and in Sun-burnt Climes;
In Winds, in Tempeſts, and in troubled Seas,
In ev'ry Element I ſought——But thou
Haſt ſhun'd the Searcher in each dangerous Path,
Spar'd him in Seas, in Battles, and in Storms,
To ſeize the weary Wanderer at his Reſt,
And ſink him in the Coward Arms of Peace.
Who, Providence, ſhall mark thy ſecret Ways,
Meaſure thy Wiſdom, or diſpute thy Pow'r?
Wade. I hope, Sir *Walter*——
How. Peace, ſaucy Babler.——
Sir W. Ra. Hear him; his Look a careful Kindneſs bears.
Speak ſoon, for I have things of high Import,
That ask for Solitude, and private Thought.
Wade. As you have liv'd renown'd, ſo die renown'd,
And after Death be ſtill diſtinguiſh'd more.
Your Grave ſecreted from the Vulgar Urns,

Your

Your Aſhes honour'd, that ſucceeding Times
May mark the Place with Rev'rence.
Sir W. Ra. Idle Care!
Poſthumous Vanity of fooliſh Man!
Can Pomp and Pride make difference in our Duſt?
Go, caſt a curious Look on *Helen*'s Tomb;
Do Roſes flouriſh there, or Myrtles bloom?
The mighty *Alexander*'s Grave ſurvey;
See, is there ought uncommon in the Clay?
Shines the Earth brighter round it, to declare
The Glorious Robber of the World——lies there?
What, *Ægypt*, do thy Pyramids comprize?
What Greatneſs in the high-rais'd Folly lies?
The Line of *Ninus* this poor Comfort brings,
We ſell their Duſt, and traffick for their Kings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in* Salisbury's *Houſe.*

SALISBURY *ſolus.*

CURSE on the Stateſman's Grave who married firſt,
Debauching the pure Stream of Politicks,
With the baſe mixture of Connubial Love!
O *Rome*, wiſe *Rome!* thy nobler Genius ſcorns
Theſe little Ties of fond Humanity.
Fearing that Nature might o'er-rule thy Sons,
You check that Fear, and o'er-rule Nature firſt.
Hence no Affection, no Remorſe controls
Thy Stateſmen's Hands, no tender look of Love
Diſarms thy holy Butchers in their Wrath.
Had I not wedded——I had had no Children,
No lawfully endearing Name of Daughter,
To tear my Heart-ſtrings, and diſgrace my Age.

Enter GUNDAMOR,

Gund You ſeem diſturb'd, my Lord, now when our Joys
Should riſe at higheſt, like encountring Tides,
Meeting each other with a ſtrong Embrace,

And murm'ring o'er the Wreck our Anger made.
Sal. [*not minding.*] Sure Nature form'd all Women for our ſhame,
Perverſe of Will, and obſtinate in Wrong.
Where Law and Cuſtom give 'em no Pretence,
Their curious Temper, and their Paſſions drive
The weakeſt Sex to do the greateſt Ills,
And mar, and ſpoil all Miſchief but their own.
Gund. He talks of Women, Wrongs, and Miſchief,
The *Engliſh* Topicks of neglected Love.
How much Mens Paſſions vary with their Climes!
The *Spaniard* cloaks his Injuries in Smiles,
Till fair Occaſion prompts him to Revenge,
And Life, or Honour pay the Debt of Scorn. [*Aſide.*
Cecil, unlock thy Boſom to thy Friend;
I know the Windings of the ſubtle Sex,
And have a Clue to ev'ry Maze they tread.
Sal. Can'ſt thou mould Nature new, or change
The pre-determin'd Qualities of Things,
Bid ſweet taſte bitter, and the bitter ſweet;
Turn Hatred into Love, and Love to Hate,
And make me curſe my Daughter, my Daughter?
Gund. What Cauſe, my Lord?———
Sal. Raleigh's Life is ſav'd,
The Warrant is revok'd, by her revok'd,
To pleaſe her ſickly Appetite, that choſe
(Damn'd fatal Choice!) his Iſſue for a Lover.
Gund. Shame on the Father's Age, that gave Conſent,
Suff'ring the Fruit of ſixteen Winters Growth,
Juſt at the Point of ripening time, to fall
Faded, and blaſted by a Woman's Breath.
Were there not Baits enough, to lure her Eye
From one poor Object? where were all the Snares
Of Splendor, Title, Vanity and Show,
That catch their Eyes, and blind the Sex to Dotage?
Should wayward Children thus be pleas'd in *Spain*,
None but old Matrons, Shadows of the Sex,
Were left to walk the ſacred Cloyſters round,
Frighting each other o'er the Midnight Lamps.
And half the Saints that Tyrant Fathers made,
Were blotted from the Liſt of Holy Church.

Sal.

Sal. All is not loſt, my Lord; my lab'ring Thought,
Teems with a Project of more certain Ruin,
That ſaves our Fame, while it defeats his Friends,
And mocks e'en Pity in the Traitor's Fall.
Gund. The dying Queen — that Thought has long been mine,
But Judgment check'd it at a ſecond View,
As doubtful of Event. When Pow'r can kill,
Who would truſt Fortune with the wav'ring Bait
Of accidental Honour, or Diſgrace?
Sal. E'en now the learned Conſultation broke,
The Leeches gave the cuſtomary Sign
Of Death, and ſhook their careful Heads,
In Pity to the Frame they could not mend.
And yet his well-known Vanity will try
His Chymick Skill, where Art and Science fail.
By this he periſhes, and gives the Means
To ſtir the People, and incenſe the King,
While the Queen's Murder is the general Cry.
Gund. 'Tis plauſible; and if he ſhould prevail,
Yet many Doors are open to his Fate;
Transfer the Honour to another's Hand,
Or ſwear 'twas Magick, and condemn him ſo.
Sal. Here comes Sir *Julius Cæſar*, he ſhall go
The Meſſenger of Miſchief to his Friend.

Enter Sir JULIUS CÆSAR.

Sal. You come, Sir *Julius*, in a happy Hour,
To cure the Fears of a diſtracted State.
The good deſponding Queen asks *Raleigh*'s Aid;
All other Arts are try'd; but he, you know,
Boaſts Secrets, that cut ſhort the Wings of Fate,
Arreſt the flying Spirit in its Courſe,
And reconcile it to its Houſe of Clay.
J. Cæſ. I came to move the Queſtion to your Ear,
And hear with Joy your Wiſhes run with mine.
Gund. Who knows where Nature hides her various Gifts?
Not all who ſearch her, find her wond'rous Ways.
Tell him, good *Cæſar*, that my friendly Voice
Has added to the Weight of *Cecil*'s Love.
J. Cæſ. I go, my Lords. Impatience wings my Way.
No Minutes muſt be loſt, when Monarchs ſtay. [*Exit.*

Sal. Blind, blind Effects of fond Credulity,
That meaſures Things by the deceiving Line
Of its own Wiſhes! —— Be it ever ſo
With all our Foes.
Gund. I add another Pray'r!
Now Death be buſy in the Pois'ner's Hand,
Exalt each liquid Drop with ſubtle Flame,
To rack and torture the deſpairing Frame;
Till dying Groans ſhall echo round the Bed;
And the laſt Sound be heard, —— The Traitor's Head.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter OLYMPIA *and* FLORELLA.

Olym. Indulgent Heav'n has anſwer'd all my Pray'rs,
In *Raleigh*'s Freedom; now the promis'd Vows
Of the dear Youth their own Completion bring.
O Love! what Miracles by thee are wrought!
How doſt thou mix thy Cauſes! in one Day
Crowding the Woes and Happineſs of Years!
All Paſſions that divide the Human Breaſt,
Sink it in Sorrow, or exalt with Joy,
Hope, Anguiſh, Tranſport, Anger, Fear,
All have reign'd here within that ſcanty Space.
Let this ſuffice, imperious Deity;
Be all my future View one bright Serene,
One lengthen'd Sunſhine of unſpotted Bliſs,
Where Fear no Damps, where Sorrow caſts no Shade.
Flor. Bleſs 'em, ye Pow'rs! who guard the Virtuous [Flames,
With gentle Concord and harmonious Love.
Spring new Delights with ever-flow'ring Sweets;
And, gather'd, grow with multiply'd Increaſe.
Olym. Kind, kind *Florella*, —— but why ſtay we here
Waſting the precious Hours in empty Wiſhes;
Wiſhes, the laſt remoteſt Line of Love?
Thoſe are faint Bleſſings, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide Boſom of approaching Joys.
Come, let us ſeek the Preſence of the Youth,
There count our Wonders and renew our Faith.

Tell

Tell how, as ſinking Reſolution fail'd,
The Father's o'er the Stateſman's Heart prevail'd;
The Tale will pleaſe him from the Teller more,
And Love for Love return'd ſhall quit the Score. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HOWARD, *and Sir* JULIUS CÆSAR.

J. Cæſ. By Heav'n, 'tis wonderful! the Cordial Drops
No ſoooner reach'd the nobler Seats of Life
But the chill Blood renew'd its Purple Way,
The Pulſe beat Vigour, and the waken'd Senſe
Look'd forth, and darted Luſtre from her Eye.
How. I met the joyful News, it ſwell'd my Heart
To ſuch uncommon Rapture, that I fear'd
Exceſs of Pleaſure would undo it ſelf.
Then thrice I drew the Goblet to my Lips,
And thrice I dry'd it to my *Raleigh*'s Health.
Now, now, if any Sight could check my Haſte
To meet my Friend's Embrace, 'twere *Gundamor*.
J. Cæſ. See there your Wiſh———
How. How creſt-fall'n they look,
Like baffl'd Dæmons, when ſome friendly Spirit
Allays the Tempeſt that their Malice rais'd,
And wafts the threatned Veſſel ſafe to Land.
It were a Loſs my Soul could not forgive,
If I forbore the Triumph of my Joy.
J. Cæſ. 'Tis better loſt than made; a ſilent Scorn
Works artfully unſeen, provoking none.
How. Did they act ſo with me? was it a Mark
Of inward Spleen, to be confin'd, expos'd,
Worried, and baited, by their Blood-hound Guard?
Come *Cæſar* then, be wiſe another Day;
A chearful Madneſs beſt agrees with this. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SALISBURY, *and* GUNDAMOR.

Sal. Shining again at Court, my mortal Foe!
Whoſe Life, but Yeſterday, I held ſo loſt,
As if unworthy of Oppreſſion's Heel
To ſink it lower———he makes haſte to Glory,
Like Light he ſhoots, that the Beholder's Eye
Scarce marks the rapid Stages of his Progreſs;
And while he ſays, From yonder Point it flew,
The Light is paſt him———

Gund. Curſe on the Deſcription!
I ſaw him circled by a ſervile Crowd,
The Minions all ambitious of his View:
Whilſt he as ſtifly diſregardleſs ſtood,
As Greatneſs were his old familiar Friend,
Tho' he and Infamy ſhook Hands this Morning.
Sal. Ay, that he calls his beſt Philoſophy;
That inward Pride that to it ſelf pays Homage.
Believe me, no poor Madman, in his Cell,
Whom his own giddy Fancy makes a King,
So much admires the Phantoms of his Brain
As theſe Philoſophers of *Raleigh*'s Sect.
See how they cringe, and bow, and flatter there,
By Heav'n I cannot bear it. [*Exit*
Gund. But I muſt.
'Tis he: My Nerves take Warning at his ſight;
I feel him by Antipathy of Hate,
And all my Maſter's Empire ſhakes in me.
Help me, Diſſimulation, ſmooth my Brow,
And teach my Tongue to differ from my Heart.

Enter RALEIGH, *attended.*

Pardon, good *Raleigh*, theſe enfeebl'd Limbs
That drew their willing Maſter ſlowly on,
To welcome thee to Liberty, and Joy.
Infirmities attend us all, and Age,
Old Age, oft makes us ſeem unmannerly,
When our Affections burn as high as Youth. [*Lord,*
Sir W. Ra. Your good Affections are well known, my
As is your Wiſdom, and your Court-Addreſs.
Gund. Surely old *Gundamor* has liv'd too long,
If he muſt grow ſuſpected by his Friends.
Truſt me, I labour'd thy Releaſe ſo long,
Rung thy dear Name ſo often in his Ears,
That thy good Maſter call'd me *Engliſh-Man.*
Sir W. Ra. Did he? Why then he honour'd you indeed.
Gund. Since then all Feuds are buried and forgot,
Tell me, good *Raleigh*, why thy generous Breaſt
Nurs'd ſuch a fatal Hatred to our *Spain?*
Sir W. Ra. To ſay I hate it, that belies my Heart,
And wrongs my native Land, whom Heav'n deſign'd,
By her Plantation in the watry Deep,

To

To mix with every Nation of the Earth.
Gund. Then muſt you fear it, ſince you wrong'd us ſo.
Sir W. Ra. Heav'n! that the Fears of all my Country-Men
Were ſuch as mine, who know thy Maſter's Pow'r
Too well to fear it; and regard my Fame
Too much to wrong a Peaſant of his Right!
Gund. Whence then theſe Plunders on our *Indian* Shore?
Sir W. Ra. The Peace extended not beyond the Line,
Nor launch'd we privately with ſordid Views:
The World beheld us, and approv'd our Deeds
As fair and equal in bright Honour's Eye,
And ſquaring with the common Rights of Men.
But would'ſt thou reckon well the Tale of Wrongs,
Look backward, and behold an Age's Toil,
Unnumber'd Armies, and confederate Fleets,
Half the leagu'd World, conſpiring *England*'s Fall.
I ſaw their Pride, and, thank all-gracious Heav'n,
Had no ignoble Share in their Defeat;
When thy proud Maſter humbled all his Sails,
Implor'd the Water, Tempeſt, and the Rocks,
To hide his Shame, and ſave him from the Hand
Of *Britons* fighting in their Country's Cauſe.
Gund. You rage, Sir *Walter*.
Sir W. Ra. 'Tis an honeſt Rage.
Gund. Thoſe Days are paſt; I praiſe 'em not, nor blame:
You then were quick and active in Exploits:
But you are ſlacken'd ſince; Your *Engliſh* March
Beats mighty ſlowly now.
Sir W. Ra. Slow as it beats,
It once has beat thro' *France*, and may thro' *Spain*.
Gund. You threaten, Sir; while I would ſpeak of Things,
And know by Virtue of what Right you claim
Part of our *Indian* World, the Gift of Heav'n.
Sir W. Ra. That Heav'n you mean, which gave you *England* too.
But had your Purple-mitred Tyrant Pow'r
To give the Portions of the Earth away,
The largeſt, faireſt Lot would be his Own.
He, in his Bounty, gave you *India*'s Mines:
But could he give it for a Spoil and Prey?

Give Streams to thicken with the Native's Blood,
And Groves to labour with the Planter's Weight?
O Prieſt-begotten Tyranny! what Waſte
Thy cruel Hands make in this fair Creation!
Treating Heav'n's Image in thy Fellow-Creature
Worſe than the Savage Beaſt and grazing Herd.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. They have been warm——How my Tongue hates
The curſed Burden it muſt now deliver. [*Aſide.*
My Meſſage is to you, Sir *Walter*——The good Queen,
In juſt Return for Life and Health reſtor'd,
Bids you demand your ſelf your own Reward;
Place, Title, Dignity, or Wealth.

Gund. O ſhe's a gracious Miſtreſs!——But theſe Ears
Shall not be grated with his bold Requeſt. [*Exit.*

Sir W. Ra. Bleſs her, thou mighty Being, ever raiſe,
As thou haſt me, ſome Inſtrument of thine
To guard and ſave her in the Hour of Grief!

Sal. I wait your Anſwer.

Sir W. Ra. Thus then, my noble Lord:
My Senſe is dull to all the Baits of Pleaſure,
To gathering Riches, and the Pride of Titles.
Yet one Infirmity of honeſt Minds
Cleaves to my Heart; and tho' my Conſcience ſpeaks
My Innocence within, my wounded Fame,
In publick wounded, asks a publick Cure.

Sal. Propoſe the Method.

Sir W. Ra. Cobham ſtill lives.
He once accus'd me: Let him now make good,
In Preſence of ſome honourable Lords,
His former Charge, or elſe retract the Wrong.
This let him do, and ſign it with his Name.

Sal. A ſmall Requeſt, and will be granted ſoon.

Sir W. Ra. My Fame thus ſafe, I fly from Care and Strife
And gently tread the downward Path of Life;
No more expoſe my ſelf to Fortune's Sport,
The Noiſe of War, or Whiſpers of a Court;
In letter'd Solitude unenvied reign;
Admire the Hills, but live upon the Plain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE *Continues.*

Enter SALISBURY *and* GUNDAMOR.

Sal. HOW cunningly the weak Wiſe Man contriv'd
To cheat himſelf, and haſten lingering Death!
Gund. To make but one Demand, and lodge it in the
Of his worſt Foes to form their own Reply!—— [Pow'r
Have you prepar'd the Papers? Let me ſee
The lovely Characters that bluſh with Blood.
Sal. This ſhall be read to *Cobham*; this he ſigns;
[*Pulling out two Papers.*
His Weakneſs never can obſerve the Cheat.
So ſhall blind Folly lend its Hand to skreen
Ingenious Miſchief.
Gund. His dull Innocence
In idle Sorrows may lament his Fate.
The Deed once done, Repentance is too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Raleigh's *Houſe.*

Sir WALTER *diſcover'd, with the* HISTORY *of the* WORLD *before him.*

Now my long Toil is done, my Soul at Eaſe
Views her paſt Travels thro' the various Heap
Of Truth and Fable. All that meaſur'd Time
Records of Nations, Governments and Laws,
Of Heroes, Conquerors, and purpled Kings,
Lye here compriz'd. O may the toilſome Task
Anſwer the Labourer's Care with due Returns!
May Men grow wiſer by their Fathers Follies,
Or learn to emulate the Virtuous Dead!

And thou my Country, neareſt to my Heart,
Dear Land of Liberty and Heav'nly Truth,
As thou ſurvey'ſt the various Models here
Of earthly Power, their Riſe, and infant State,
Their Progreſs and their Period, mark the Flaws
Of every Frame, and value much thy Own.
Secure, while Monarchy ſtill bears the Sway,
And joyful Subjects pay a free Obedience.

Enter Sir JULIUS CÆSAR.

Welcome, Sir *Julius*.

J. Cæſ. We owe you more than ever we can pay;
May After-Ages, who ſhall reap the Fruit,
Balance the baſe Ingratitude of this,
With laſting Honours, and eternal Fame.

Sir W. Ra. O I am paid already to the Height!
The great Reward is out of Fortune's Power.
Did not the good *Eliza* ſmile upon me,
And plant me in the Circles of her Rays;
Now cheriſh, and now check, my forward Growth,
And teach me to aſpire the nobleſt Way?
What Heart ſo cold, ſo dead to fair Renown,
Her Praiſes could not quicken and inflame?
Then every buſy Scene of active Life
Was worthy of our Labour, Danger wore
A pleaſing Aſpect, e'en the Face of Death
Look'd ſmoothly kind, and flatter'd with a Smile.
Then I rejoyc'd and glory'd in my Strength,
Oft tried the luſty Sinews of my Youth
In manly Sports, and harden'd 'em in Arms:
Hoping one Day to meet my Country's Foe,
And merit by my Sword my Sov'reign's Love.

J. Cæſ. Then was indeed the faireſt Mart of Fame,
Inviting ev'ry brave Adventurer's Hope;
While Honour was the Purchaſe of our Blood,
And not the partial Gift of blind Affection.

Sir W. Ra. Eternal Peace attend thy Maiden Shade!
Eternal Glory dwell upon thy Tomb!
And grateful Piety embalm thy Duſt,
With kind, religious Tenderneſs and Love!
With dear Remembrance, and with dread Regard,

Viſit

Viſit her Aſhes, ye ſucceeding Monarchs;
From her tranſcribe the Model of your Pow'r,
And leave the Bleſſings of a righteous Sway.

Enter HOWARD.

How. Raleigh, I fear ſome Miſchief lags behind;
Cecil and *Gundamor* came now from Court.
Their Cheeks ſeem'd flush'd, and a pleas'd Fierceneſs ſhone,
Like Signs of cruel Triumph in their Eyes.
Cecil wav'd different Papers in his Hand,
Which *Gundamor* would often catch and kiſs,
Then read in Tranſport, and then kiſs again. [Guilt,
Sir W. Ra. Then *Cobham*, with new-added Weight of
Is ſunk ſtill deeper in the Gulph of Woe.
How. Beſide I met the curſt Lieutenant too,
As making hither with a breathleſs Haſte.
My Cares for thee ſo ſwallow'd up my Rage,
That I forgot, and left him unchaſtiz'd.

Enter WADE *with a Guard.*

Wade. Sir *Walter*, you're my Pris'ner once again:
See the atteſting Lords, and *Cobham*'s Hand.
[*Shews a Paper.*
Sir W. Ra. Death play'd before, but is in earneſt now.
Poor *Cobham!* Fear, unmanly Fear has loſt
That Peace which thou ſhalt never taſte again.
Howard, I hear thy gen'rous Heart has try'd
A dang'rous Path to make thy Friend ſecure:
I have forgiven it. Send my Son to me.
Lead to the Tower, from thence the Proſpect lies
To that new Country we muſt reach To-night.
[*Exit guarded.*
How. Heav'n! how undauntedly his Spirit breaks
Thro' Nature's Struggles to the Realms of Peace!
The gen'rous Steed, thus, walking by the Shore,
Where Waves beat high, and giddy Tempeſts roar,
Viewing, from thence, on the remoter ſide,
Fair Meadows riſe, and gentle Rivers glide;
He plunges, ſcornful of the Wave and Wind,
Looks back, and ſees the threatning Storm behind;

The

The Coaſt once gain'd, he riſes freſh and gay,
And bounds to Woods of Liberty away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady RALEIGH.

L. Ra. Where have they hurried my poor Husband,
My Lord, my Life! O Savage Cruelty!
To tear him from me, widow my ſad Arms,
Ere yet my Tongue had told him half my Joy!
Recover'd ſo, and loſt again ſo ſoon!
Heav'n in the granting ſnatch'd the Bliſs away,
And left the Thankfulneſs of Pray'r unfiniſh'd.

Enter OLYMPIA.

Olym. O the lov'd Youth! O Ecſtacy of Joy!
Where have they hid him from my longing Eyes? ——
His Mother! Sure ſhe'll liſten to my Pray'rs.

L. Ra. Fly, fly, unhappy Maid! No Joy, no Son
Expects thy fond Embrace, no Husband mine.
For Death, inexorable Death, ſtands arm'd;
E'en now he ſtrikes, and thou and I are loſt.

Olym. Is there no Moment of unſullied Pleaſure
Left for *Olympia*, in the Courſe of Time?

L. Ra. Go ſeek thy Father.

Olym. Fate, ſtand ſtill a while.
Drop thy Wings, Time, till Love ſays——Journey on.
[*Exit.*

L. Ra. It cannot be; the Warning-Clock has ſtruck:
One aking View, one laſt Embrace is all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *In the Tower.*

Enter Sir WALTER RALEIGH, HOWARD, *Sir* JULIUS CÆSAR, *and* WADE.

[Edge

Sir W. Ra. So, my good Friends; this Viſit turns the
Of Fortune's Strokes, and hardens 'em to Bluntneſs,
If the Reſort of Friends is counted kind
When we ſalute the Day, and take up Life,
Unknowing of the Weight; 'tis kinder far,

To

To ſee us lay the cumbrous Burden down,
And help us to ſhake off Mortality.

Enter Lady RALEIGH.

L. Ra. O my dear Lord!—O theſe cruel Butchers!
Can you not ſtay till I have mov'd the King?
Sure he will hear me. He had been as I,
But for my *Raleigh*'s Aid: A widow'd King,
What can he leſs return than Life for Life?

Sir W. Ra. The King is good and merciful; ſo juſt,
That, were his Power as Eaſtern Tyrants large,
His virtuous Nature, to it ſelf a Law,
Would check that Power, in Goodneſs to Mankind;
Scorning to do a Wrong, becauſe he might.
Charge not to him the wicked Stateſmens Wiles,
Who ſteal his Name to ſanctify their Crimes,
And murder in the Garb of Innocence.
Elſe had not I, enlarg'd and free as you,
From his Commiſſion pardon'd by the Law,
Stood here the Spectacle of gaping Crowds.
Cunning Oppreſſion may o'ertake the beſt,
Treating alike the Subject and the Slave:
Yet tho' I periſh, ſee thee torn away
From me, a ſingle Suff'rer; deareſt Freedom,
I will aſſert thee with my lateſt Breath,
And bid my Country cheriſh thy Remains.

L. Ra. O my dear Lord, you muſt not, ſhall not die:
This Theme, which I will urge and urge again,
Shall pierce the King, and give thee back to Life.

Sir W. Ra. Has not the Queen ſpoke ſtrongly in my [Cauſe?
When Majeſty it ſelf deſcends to ſue,
And ſues in vain, all other Tongues are uſeleſs.
Think'ſt thou that any other Voice could move
My Heart to Pity, if thy own had fail'd?

How. Theſe Female Tears
Diſtract my Scheme. Lieutenant, you can lye;
Do it, or——— [*Whiſpers* Wade.

Wade. You may indeed: It is deferr'd. See here.
[*Shews a Paper.* Howard *leads off Lady* Raleigh.

Sir W. Ra. Is ſhe remov'd? The Struggle then is paſt;
My Soul is light and eaſy now again,

Pants

Pants for the Race, and fain would live at large.
Retire a-while, my Friends; young *Raleigh* waits:
'Tis fit I ſeaſon him with proper Thoughts,
And arm his Soul to ſee his Father die. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV.

Enter COBHAM *and* CAREW.

Cob. To die, *Carew!* by me accus'd to die!
The Man who ever ſaw a Peaſant's Curr
Baiting the lordly Lion to his Grave,
Shall ſay that *Raleigh* dies by *Cobham*'s Breath.
Car. 'Tis true——or elſe theſe Eyes had yet been dry.
Cob. True——ſay it is true that Statues ſpeak——
That the weak Hand of Infancy can ſhake
A Giant's Sword——Ha!——but I ſign'd the Scroll——
Who knows, that only treads the Surface o'er,
What Mines of Death, what Magazines of Hell
Lie lurking in the Center of the Soil?
Damn'd depth of Miſchief, burſt and bear me hence:
But far from Heav'n——That Gate is ſhut for ever.
A bloody mortal Hand has fix'd the Barr
That twice Ten thouſand Angels can't remove.
Car. Poor Man! How Guilt and Madneſs ſhake his Soul!
I wiſh his fleeting Senſe would make a Pauſe
To anſwer one Demand —— [*Aſide.*
Cob. I have a Prophet's Eye,
To ſearch the Secret Motions of the Heart,
To catch the Soul when buſy at her Work
Of forming undreſs'd Images in Thought.
I know you would—— then reckon up my Crimes——
This Hand, this curſed Hand——that it could write——
Has ſign'd the Plea of Innocence unread,
Like a poor Thief, adopted others Lies,
And plotted how to borrow ſure Damnation.
This to a Friend, mine, and my Country's Friend.
Behold, *Carew*, he walks before my Eyes, [*Pointing.*
All clad in Scarlet, formidably bright——

See now he mounts——and with a backward Gleam
Darts Vengeance hither——Stay, ſweet Spirit, ſtay;
Wrap, wrap thy fiery Wings about my Soul,
And melt her Droſs to Purity of Heart.
Car. This is Illuſion all: *Cobham*, you rave,
For *Raleigh*'s Time is not yet come——
Cob. But 'tis near——
And then the Genius of the good Man takes
The fleſhly Form, and Fabrick that it lov'd,
Walks on high Heav'n's dread Meſſages abroad,
And viſible to mortal Eyeſight ſmiles
On kindred Clay, and orphan'd Piety;
But darts Confuſion, Agonies, and Death,
On the rank feſter'd Soul of murd'ring Perjury,
And flaſhes Lightning on the guilty Face;
As now on mine——Behold it *there* again. [*Pointing.*
Car. Still pointing there——What if the Viſion's true?
So I have often read, that dying Saints
Are privileg'd with more than mortal Pow'r,
Juſt at one Inſtant here and there appear——
And, quick as multiplying Mirrors, ſhoot
The ſame bright Image to the wond'ring Eye.
If this be true, there's Reaſon in his Rage.
Cob. Go to——It is not ſtrange that *Cobham* ſees
Things wonderful, and far from Nature's Road.
I have ſeen Plots, that never had a Birth;
Treaſons unform'd, in cradled Infants Brains,
That long'd to leap o'er Time, and ſtart to ripeneſs.
Theſe I have ſeen——or *Cecil* bad me ſee.
Curs'd Name! What whiſp'ring *Dæmon* prompted thee
To plant new Daggers in my wounded Heart,
And open ev'ry Sore of gnawing Conſcience?
O! What a Mine of Miſchief is a Stateſman!
Ye furious Whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous Rocks,
Ye Miniſters of Death, devouring Fire,
Convulſive Earthquake, and Plague-tainted Air,
All you are merciful, and mild to Him,
The paſſive Inſtruments of righteous Heav'n.
But He, for Goodneſs form'd, and plac'd to bleſs,
Wilful oppoſes Providence in ſpite,
And is a Devil of his own Formation.

Car.

Car. Now, on my Soul, a licens'd Madman were
A noble Monitor to Purple Villains.
Cob. What is't to ſhoot the leſſ'ning Gulph of Life,
And leave the Ship-wreck'd Hulk upon the Shore:
The Spoil and Sport of jarring Elements?
Is it to ſail in liquid Fields of Light,
Or plunge in Sulphur to the deep Abyſs?
To talk with Gods, or mix with ſooty Fiends?
Some have roſe Stars, who putrified on Earth,
And beautified that Heav'n they ne'er believ'd.
'Tis a foul Lye——a Politician's Lye——
Car. Cobham, compoſe the hurry of your Soul,
And think of Mercy, and returning Peace.
Cob. Fair Choice of Thought indeed remains for me—
Amidſt a thouſand Scenes of deepeſt Black,
To ſingle out ſome dreadful Image thence,
And hunt it thro' the Field of wild Deſpair:
Then chuſe a new One, at which Fancy ſtarts,
And tread again the Wilderneſs of Woe.
O Thought! — Could Thinking, like a cruel Child,
Deſtroy its Parent——all were well again.
But Thou, Self-conſcious, multiplieſt thy ſelf,
Not loſing ought, tho' ever bringing forth;
Ill-fated Womb of bitter Fruitfulneſs!
Is there no Eaſe——but adding Crime to Crime?
Speak Nature for thy ſelf——and ſpeak in Blood——
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Car. How eaſy 'tis to lay us down and ſleep,
When Sorrow holds Conſpiracy with Fate!
Cob. A Truce, ye Fiends——let me behold this Blood,
[*Taking it up and looking.*
Is it of Nature?——are the ruddy Drops
Bright as the hue of healthy Innocence?
Ye black Contagious Particles, adieu! [*Flinging it away.*
I pour you on a World of fit Complexion.
Spears, Swords, and Armies ſhall from hence ariſe,
As from the Womb of Diſcord——Faction march,
And meaſure half a Nation at a Stride.
Betraying Stateſmen, and unthankful Princes,
Corrupted Lawgivers, and Traitor Friends,
Shall fully Nature's Face with ſuch a Dye

That

That ſhe ſhall hate herſelf, and wiſh and pray
For her laſt ling'ring Conſummation Fire,
To purge her Entrails, and refine her Mould—— [*Dies.*
Car. Heav'n keep thy Prophecy to diſtant Times—
We've ſeen too much of theſe Rebellious Crimes.

Enter OLYMPIA.

Olym. Where, Nature, art thou fled? How are thy ſoft,
Thy tender Strings of Sympathy decay'd?
What Savage Hand has cut the ſubtle Line,
That runs from Parents to their Childrens Hearts,
And bids Man love his Iſſue as himſelf?
O thou art loſt! and Woman's Tears, that us'd
To raiſe and wake thy ſleeping Inſtruments,
Great Nature, ſerve but to lament thy Death;
Why didſt thou flatter me, why give me once
A Daughter's Pow'r; and ſnatch it from me now?
Like a mad Painter, wanton of thy Skill,
Delighting to deface thy own fair Works.

Enter Young RALEIGH. *Turns away.*

Turn, *Raleigh*, and behold theſe ſtreaming Eyes,
Theſe ſupplicating Lips, and lifted Hands:
My Father ſaw them, and yet turn'd not to me.
Y. Ra. I cannot hear thee, for thy Words are full
Of ſubtle Poiſon, Death is in thy Eyes:
I dare not look, and yet I wiſh I could.
Olym. Have I not greatly labour'd for thy Father?
Y. Ra. My Father! Wherefore doſt thou name my [Father?
That calls a thouſand Thoughts into my Soul,
All fraught with Hatred to thy Race and thee.
Does he not die by *Cecil*'s bloody Hand?
And ſhall his Daughter waſh the Stain away?
Olym. The Crime is not from me: Yet Nature ſtarts,
And cries, 'Tis monſtrous, if it ſhould be ſo.——
Away Reflexion, Love is loſt in Thinking.
Yet look on me———
Y. Ra. How ſhall I teach my Eyes
To look with Scorn on Objects us'd to pleaſe?
Who never ſaw the Roſe, might ſay 'twas foul;
The Sweetneſs known is hard to be forgot.
Ha! do not I expect my Father here?

This

This Time ſhould all be his. Then turn, my Heart,
See all old *Cecil*'s Murders painted there,
And Death lie lurking in that beauteous Form.
Olym. O cruel *Raleigh!* was it not enough,
I am not, never, never muſt be thine,
But thou muſt ſtab me with theſe killing Words?
Y. Ra. I find 'tis as impoſſible to hate,
As love her. Forgive me, poor *Olympia*;
Fate ſtands between us, Honour ſides with Fate,
And bids us each forget that we have lov'd.
Olym. See, *Cecil*, and enjoy thy Daughter's Woes:
Thus, *Raleigh*, I give back thy Father's Life.
[*Stabs her ſelf.*
Y. Ra. Oh loſt! deſtroy'd! Raſh Deed! Unhappy Maid!
Tormenting Sight! Can I behold thee thus?
See the pale Fingers of approaching Death
Damping thoſe Beauties, chilling all thy Flames,
And only moan thee with an idle Sorrow?
It muſt——Forgive me, Father, Nature, Heav'n:
Love bids me follow.——Stay, *Olympia*, ſtay
On this Side Death. Look up——thy *Raleigh* calls.
Olym. That Name awakes the heavy Senſe from Sleep,
[*Opening her Eyes heavily.*
And holds retiring Life in ſweet Suſpenſe.
Where art thou, moſt Unhappy? Let my Eyes
Fix on thee, print thy Image on my Soul,
And bear at once its Guilt and Comfort hence.
Y. Ra. Speak on, and kill me with thy dying Voice.
Sweet Inſtrument of Sorrow, grow not mute,
Till I am cold and ſenſeleſs. Oh Deſpair!
Why art thou ſlow? This Hand muſt quicken thee.
Olym. Raleigh, forbear; enough of Blood is ſpilt;
Offended Heav'n demands no more than this.
Yet, oh, if thou haſt lov'd, by Love I beg
Send not my Spirit in Deceit away,
But tell me thou haſt lov'd.
Y. Ra. Atteſt, ye Pow'rs!
Ye conſcious Pow'rs! who live in endleſs Love;
Speak it, my Heart, in every bluſhing Vein;
Tell it, my Eyes, in every gazing Look;
And thou, my Tongue, ſound nothing elſe but Love.
Olym.

Obym. Draw nearer then, and let my fainting Hand
Thus ſeize thee——hold thee——and thus leave thee mine. [*Dies.*

Y. Ra. Farewel; thou whiteſt Virgin Shade, farewel.
Thou, and thy Sorrows, now are all at Peace;
But I have Woes, unnumber'd Woes, to come.
If any ask, whoſe Eyes are forc'd to ſee,
Unhallow'd View! a murder'd Lover's Coarſe;
If any ask, whoſe Arms expect to graſp
A Dying Father in a laſt Embrace;
If any ask, what Orphan's Tongue muſt charm
The Ghoſt of Sorrow in a widow'd Mother,
Conduct him here. In me behold that Wretch,
The Scene and Center of all human Grief.

Enter Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir W. Ra. My Son, the little Space that lies between
Us and Eternity we give to thee.
The Chain of Nature, that ſucceſſive runs
From Age to Age, connecting Sire and Son
In ſtrongeſt Amity, now breaks ſhort the Links,
And makes thee Heir and Father of our Race,
And thou muſt be———

Y. Ra. O teach me rather
To bear what now I am.

Sir W. Ra. Art not thou the Son
Of him, whoſe Name ſhall never make thee bluſh?
Of him, who in a Courtier's, Soldier's Life
Twice twenty Winters, not ignobly ſpent,
Feels no great Crime weigh heavy on his Soul:
If to have lov'd my Country, to have priz'd
Her Fame and Safety above Gain and Life;
If to have watch'd, travell'd, fought and bled for her,
If theſe are Crimes, Poſterity will judge,
And Infamy pollute the Name of *Raleigh.*

Y. Ra. O my loſt Father! O my———

Sir W. Ra. This Weakneſs
Might have become thy Mother's tender Sex;
Grief there is natural, and ſhoots
A catching Sorrow to the ſtrongeſt Heart.
But we are Men.

Y. Ra.

Y. Ra. No ſingle Woe is mine: [*Pointing to the Body.*
Behold *Olympia*, view the breathleſs Fair:
Herſelf the Victim and the Slayer too.
Sir W. Ra. Unhappy Maid! Does Vengeance fly ſo faſt,
It would not pauſe a-while 'till I was gone;
But o'ertook *Cecil* in his deareſt Child?
Take care, my Heart, thy hardeſt Proof is now;
Rejoice not in his Woes, ſay not to thy ſelf
Heav'n bids thee triumph o'er the guiltleſs Blood.
Poor, poor old Man! how will thy tender Heart
Bear this ſad Sight, when he, whoſe Foe thou art,
Sickens with Tenderneſs, and melts for thee!
Hear me, Supreme, in this forgiving Prayer;
With Faith and Reaſon fortify his Breaſt,
Help his old Age, and comfort his Deſpair.
See her remov'd ——— For Nature may relapſe,
And Thoughts forbidden ſully our laſt Hour.
Come to my Arms, thou beſt-belov'd, as there
Thou groweſt to my Boſom, think how much
Thy Father lov'd thee, and repay the Debt
Of tender Duty to thy Widow'd Mother.
Y. Ra. O Father! Mother! multiplied Diſtreſs!
O! thou departed, and thou haſtening Shade———
Sir W. Ra. Forbear. Duty and Nature claim ſo much;
But Virtue, Manhood, Heav'n forbid the reſt:
Obſerve me yet; this Leſſon is my laſt.
Follow not Fortune, nor aſpire to Court;
If call'd to Honour, hold thy Country's Good
Firſt in thy View; That comforts all Diſgrace.
For know, a mighty States-man is ſo plac'd,
One good or guilty Thought may damn or ſave him,
And turn the Fate of Millions in an Hour.
For Me, regardleſs of thy Father's Fate,
Purſue his Pattern in all Acts but One.
Contract no Friendſhip with an o'ergrown Greatneſs;
Falling, it cruſhes thee; and ſtanding long,
Grows inſolently weary of Support,
And ſpurns the Props that held it up before.
Forget thy Father's Loſs, but guard his Fame.
Y. Ra. Forget you! Not 'till Memory is loſt. [End,
Sir W. Ra. Let him who doubts my Honour view my

As

As thou ſhalt, and obſerve me as I lie
Prone to the Earth, and haſt'ning to be made
A Part with common Clay, if this firm Fabrick,
Old as it is, do ſhrink or ſhudder then ——
Thanks to my Innocence! I feel my Blood
Beat ſtrong and vigorous, as at forty Years.

Enter HOWARD, CÆSAR, CAREW *and* WADE.

Sir W. Ra. But ſee, our Friends return; ſuch virtuous [Men
Be it thy Pride to cheriſh and embrace.
There, *Howard*; —— thou haſt been his Father's Friend;
Love him as thou haſt me, thou can'ſt not more.

How. Thus let me hold thee in thy Father's Preſence:
And if I quit the Claim which I have here,
For any paltry Paſſion Men admire,
The Dirt of Wealth, or Vanity of Honour,
The Luſt of Pow'r, or Luxury of Love;
If the dark Brow of Danger, Fortune, Death,
Sever our Hearts, or make me leſs thy Friend,
May my Fame die among the rotten Names
Of Summer-Friends, Court-Spies and Paraſites,
Or *Howard* periſh by a Coward's Sword. [thine;

R. Ra. Thou brave good Man, my Heart is warm as
But Sorrow choaks, and turns my Tongue to Silence.

Cæſ. Sir *Walter*, you may live; for *Cobham*'s dead.

Sir W. Ra. Is *Gundamor* or *Cecil?*

Cæſ. No. ——— But he
Hearing your Fate, with ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd,
Swore you were innocent, then rav'd aloud
On *Cecil's* Plots; at laſt, with Madneſs turn'd,
He ſtabb'd himſelf.

Sir W. Ra. Indeed I pity him.
'Tis a ſad Spectacle of Woe, to ſee
The Senſes looſe, and Reaſon all unhing'd,
In the laſt Moments of expiring Life,
When ev'ry Faculty ſhould be enlarg'd,
To aid the Soul, and wing her on her Way——
Lieutenant, is there Time?

Wade. There is, Sir *Walter*. [Wiſh?

Sir W. Ra. Would any ſpeak, my Friends? Is there a
Or is it all a Look, and parting Pray'r?

How.

How. My Friend, one Day I never can forget,
When 'midſt a Show'r of *Indian* Darts I lay,
When o'er my Wounds the ſavage Army ſtood,
Chuſing a Part to drop the pois'nous Drug;
Then you cried out, O Friendſhip, thou art loſt!
And ſpringing forward with a deſperate Bound,
Drove off the ſervile Nations, brought me back
In breathleſs Joy, thus leaning on thy Arm.

Sir W. Ra. I did; and ſav'd an *Engliſh-Man*, a Friend;
A juſter Glory than a *Roman* Triumph.

How. For this, Four hundred veteran Sailors ſtretch
Their harden'd Sinews, and demand thy Freedom.
Theſe Guards will fly and tremble at their Sight.

Sir W. Ra. Ha! Was it well to call my Spirit back,
When Peace and Happineſs were ſeal'd above,
To mix with Earth, and ſoil my ſelf with Guilt?
I thought to part the laſt with Thee; but now,
Howard, thou ſhalt not ſee thy *Raleigh* die.

How. Forgive me then, my *Raleigh*.

Sir W. Ra. I do, I do;
Thus, in this laſt Embrace. Farewel, my Friend.
The Glaſs is almoſt run, the Scene is ſhort,
Preſenting but One Object to my View.
O eloquent! O juſt! O mighty Death!
Who ſhall recount the Wonders of thy Hand?
Whom none could counſel, thou haſt well adviſ'd,
And whiſper'd Wiſdom to the deafeſt Ear:
Whom all have trembled at, thy Might has dar'd;
Whom all have flatter'd, thou alone haſt ſcorn'd,
And ſwept poor deify'd Mortality
With common Aſhes to an humble Grave.
Long have I pluck'd thy Terrors from my Heart,
Call'd thee Companion in my Active Life,
My ſolitary Days, and ſtudious Hours;
Made thee familiar to my Couch as Sleep.
Come then, my Gueſt:——The guilty Soul depends
'Twixt Doubt and Fear:———But thou and I are
Friends. [*Exeunt.*

Manent HOWARD *and* CAREW.

How. He would not let me: Virtuous to the laſt.
Was it well done?——Could *Howard*, who has fought

So

So many Battles by his *Raleigh*'s Side,
A tame Spectator ſee him led unarm'd,
Like a poor Captive thro' a gazing Crowd?
Or view that Face, which never look'd on Death
But with an upward Front, and threatning Brow,
Turn'd, like a common Traitor's, to the Ground?
Honour could not have born it; ev'ry Fool
Of Curioſity had call'd me Coward;
And the Wind whiſper'd nothing elſe but Coward.

Car. Gods! that the choiceſt Genius of our Age,
Form'd for the higheſt Purpoſes of Life,
To check aſpiring Tyrants in their Courſe,
And force the Royal Robbers from their Prey,
That he ſhould ſuffer, ſuffer in that Land
That ought to bleſs herſelf thro' every Age,
Boaſting ſhe never bore a Son like him! [*Shout within.*

How. Curſe on their clamorous Throats! BaſeMultitude!
So would they bellow, if the ſacred Head
Of Majeſty itſelf lay low in Duſt.
They never mind the Perſon, or the Cauſe:
A Tale and Holiday is all their Bus'neſs.

Car. Hence ſee, that ſingle Virtue can't ſtand long,
When Faction and Conſpiracy grow ſtrong.
Yet ſay we not, when Blood's unjuſtly ſpilt,
Heav'n leaves her Fav'rites, or approves the Guilt.

How. Arms are no more; the Soldier's Friend is loſt.
Be idle then, my Sword, 'till happy Time
Shall bid thy Country arm; then ſhine again,
Wave on the Deck, or glitter on the Plain:
Revenging *Raleigh*'s Loſs on guilty *Spain*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *BULLOCK*.

WHAT! Two new Plays! and thoſe at once appe
Sure, Authors fancy this a thriving Year!
Yet, to write Plays is eaſy, faith, enough;
As you have ſeen by—Cibber—*in* Tartuffe.
With how much Wit he did your Hearts engage!
He only Stole the Play;—*he Writ the* Title-page.
We dare not tread the Path our Rivals *do*;
We were reſolv'd you ſhould have ſomething New.
'Tis double Felony *(as I am told)*
To pay Bad Money, and That—*clip'd and old:*
And yet ſo partial are you in the Caſe,
We ſuffer *ſtill, but They*—*have* Acts of Grace.
Sure That old *Theatre's your* Miſtreſs *grown,*
We *are your* Wives—*You uſe us like your* own.
Should SHAKESPEAR *riſe, and ſee (each murd'ring Da*
Scenes cut and alter'd, and miſ-call'd—*his Play;*
How would the reverend Bard regret the Shame?
Why thus—" *To rob my Urn, then ſtab my Fame,*
" *Should be a Sin this Learned Generous Age*
" *Ought to revenge upon the Guilty Stage.*
" *But if, in vain, an honeſt Cauſe I plead,*
" *Thus ſhall my Wiſh and Puniſhment ſucceed:*
" Fleckno, *the Sire of Dulneſs, ſhall inſpire*
" His *Sons to ſcribble, without Senſe*—*or Fire.*
" *Players turn* Wits, *by Nonſenſe riſe or fall,*
" *Yet cry out boldly*—'sBlood! We'll ſtand 'em all.
Thus far for SHAKESPEAR, *and our Common Right:*
Now for the Author's *Part, and then*—*Good-night:*
For I have a Requeſt, before I go;
Speak plainly; Is our Poet damn'd, or—*no?*
If he is Dull, *the Play, perhaps may live;*
For Wit's a Crime we know You can't forgive.
Wit *cannot fall ſo faſt, as* Folly *riſes;*
Witneſs the Maſquerade ——— *at* double Prices.
Yet if you are not pleas'd with what We've plaid,
Go ſee old SHIRLEY *dreſt in* MASQUERADE.

FINIS.

